No. 9 December 1983

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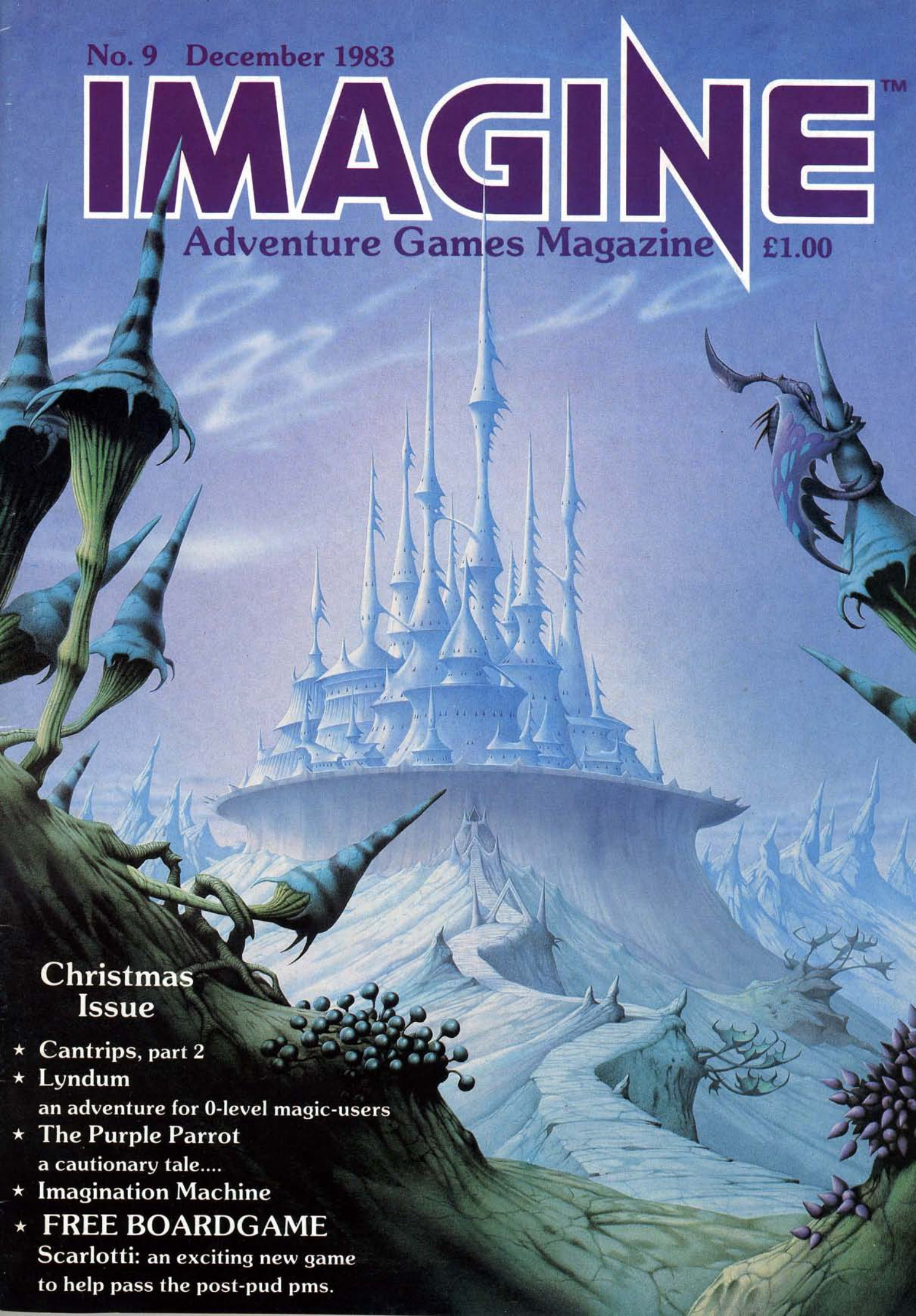

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Editorial

In the Editorial for # 7 I told you that I was looking forward to this Christmas issue. All in all, I still feel the same. The more I look at this one, the better it gets. And to show how much we appreciate you, we have included a new, simple, but exciting boardgame — **Scarlotti** — as a Christmas present. To show also that our sense of humour can get the better of us and with a total disregard of the likely effects of reading it, we have actually printed the story of **The Purple Parrot**. If you are verging on the edge of insanity, you had better not read it — it may tip you over the edge!

Equally.... *different*, we have the adventure **Lyndum**, a mentally stimulating mini-module that was specially designed to set you off using the **Cantrips**. And, of course, in keeping with our cheery Christmas feel, it is set in mid-summer. Not content with all that, we have included the second part of the Cantrips, the illusionist spells and tips on their use, and a new feature on the PAN pages, **Dialog** by Lew Pulsipher. Plus all the regular features you have come to know and love.

More good news is that we are **not** moving, but staying at the Mill. Sighs of relief were heard from those of us living this side of town, and some gnashing of teeth from those who live nearer Mount Pleasant House. Mill Days rule — OK?

All of us on the editorial team would like to wish you a happy and fun-filled Christmastide. May the waters of plenty wash upon your shore; may peace and contentment be with you; may the bird of happiness.... oh, yes, and don't leave your copy of # 10 cluttering up the newsagents over the holidays. ***Keith Thomson***

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THE ADVENTURES OF NIC

PART NINE ~
THE RIVER CROSSING
AS THE ADVENTURERS CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY ALONG THE TRAIL, THEY NOTICE A COLUMN OF SMOKE RISING IN THE DISTANCE. THEY DECIDE TO HEAD TOWARDS IT AND FOLLOW A PATH THROUGH A DARK WOOD UNTIL THEY REACH A SHALLOW RIVER.....
WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE ON THE OTHER SIDE?
I WANT TO CROSS AND FIND OUT!!
I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED NORVA!!!

Participants in fantasy role-playing games play the parts of fearless fighters, devout clerics, spell casting magic users and cunning thieves in many exciting and unique adventures. The following is an account of a game of Basic DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® in which the players are hot on the trail of a band of marauding orcs. Sue, the referee or Dungeon Master, has previously prepared the adventure and runs it with reference to the rules.

The players and their characters are:

*Nic – **Norva Ironarms** (1st level fighter)*
*Jon – **Brumhold** (1st level fighter)*
*Anne – **Jolinda** (1st level cleric)*
*Terry – **Lemmy** (2nd level thief)*
*Alan – **Sarak** (1st level magic user)*

Sue (DM) — 'After following the trail for an hour you come to the edge of a dark wood growing on the foothills of the Teardrop Mountains. A column of smoke rises in the distance.'

Anne asks Sue to tell her how her character perceives the smoke — 'Does the smoke look like it's from a forest fire or a campfire?'

Sue — 'You'd say it was a campfire. There's not enough smoke for it to be a forest fire.'

Sarak — 'We must be getting close to their camp.'

Nic tells Sue that he (Norva) is looking at the edge of the woods. 'Can I see anything unusual?'

Sue — 'No, The woods are too dark.'

Jolinda — 'Lemmy, why don't you move to the edge of the woods for a quick look?'

Terry knows that her thief has the ability to move silently, and currently has more hit points than anybody else, but Lemmy is cautious. 'What, go on my own and get jumped? No thanks, let Norva or Brumhold go; its their job to look for trouble.'

Lemmy cannot be persuaded. With an Armour Class of 5, Terry knows her character is not as good in a fight as the fighters. Though the other players attempt to persuade her, Lemmy will not be moved. 'Listen, Norva,' she insists, 'I'm a thief, not a fighter — it's not my job to get into fights. You're a fighter. You go.'

Brumhold — 'Leave her be, she's only happy stabbing people in the back or stealing from honest folk. All thieves are the same.... they hang around at the back when there's fighting to be done, but they're first on the spot where money is concerned.'

Lemmy — 'Watch your mouth, muscle-head. I do my bit when I have to.'

Sarak refuses to be drawn into the argument, which is wasting time as far as he can see. 'If one of you fighters would like to check the woods, I'll have a **sleep** spell ready for anything you can't handle.'

Nic is anxious, ready for action. Jolinda offers to go with him — she will not be frightened by the dark! And Brumhold notches an arrow to his bow.

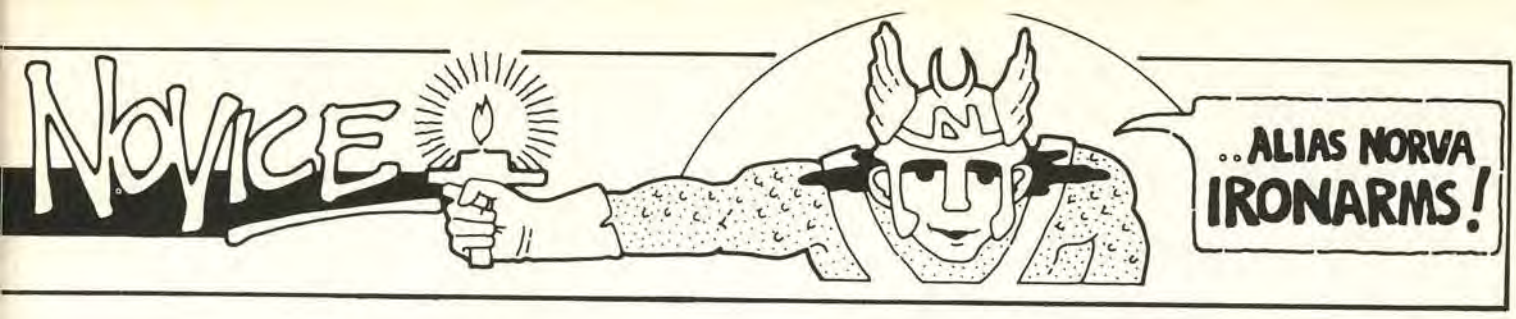
Sue acknowledges these preparations as they are told to her by the players, and then tells them what occurs. 'You reach the edge of the woods. Leading through the trees is a narrow trail.'

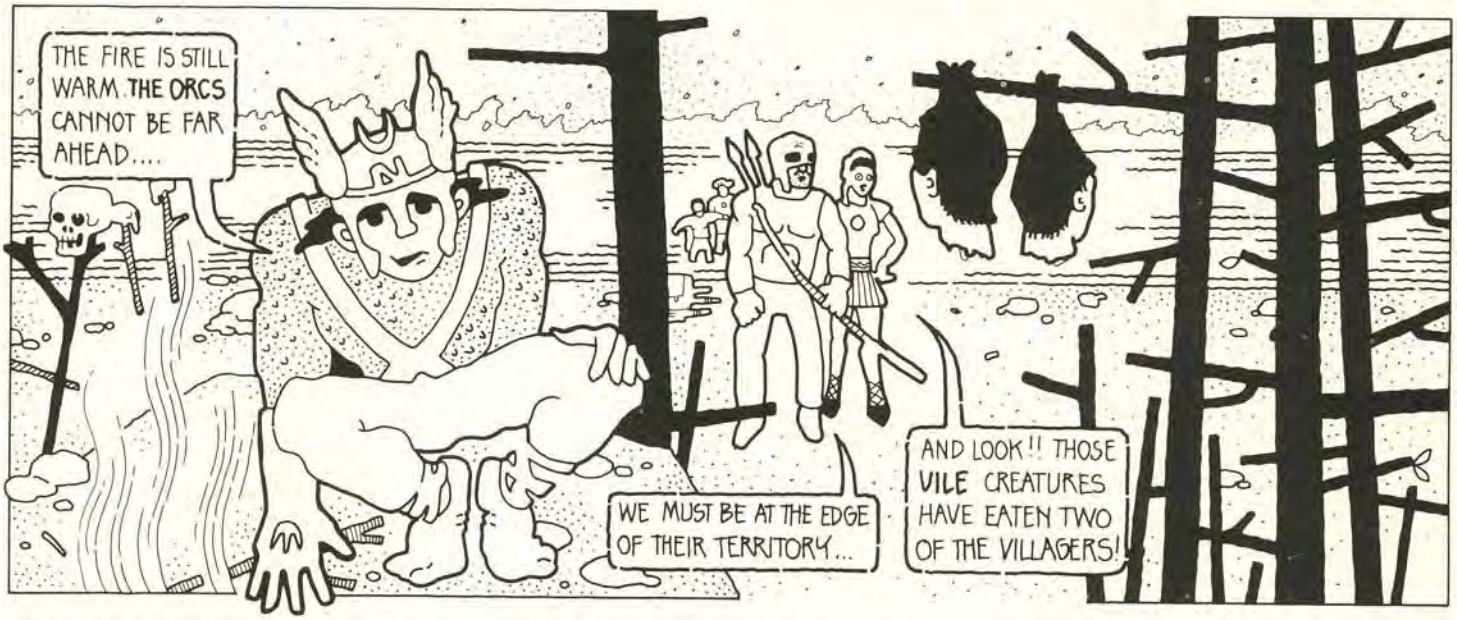
Norva waves the others on. The group confers, then Alan tells Sue that they will adopt their normal marching order.

Sue — 'OK. You wind your way through the woods for an hour, until you come to a river. As you draw near, three crows fly into the air, cawing.' She checks her notes for the encounter. 'From where you are, you can see three skulls stuck on poles on the far side of the river, and two heads hung by their hair from a tree.'

Jolinda's lawful nature is greatly offended by this disgusting spectacle. The others make their preparations: Brumhold covers the far side with his bow; Lemmy dodges into undergrowth, drawing two daggers; and Norva, checking that the river is not deep, crosses to the other side.

Sue tells Nic that his character has crossed safely. 'You can now see the




THE FIRE IS STILL WARM. THE ORCS CANNOT BE FAR AHEAD....
WE MUST BE AT THE EDGE OF THEIR TERRITORY...
AND LOOK!! THOSE VILE CREATURES HAVE EATEN TWO OF THE VILLAGERS!

glowing remains of a campfire and some gnawed bones, scattered around. The undergrowth is very trampled, as if many creatures stopped here.'

Norva looks around the fire, prodding it with a stick, and then searches the clearing. Sue, from her description of the encounter, knows that there are some clothes in the bushes, which her notes say will be discovered on a throw of 1-3 on a six-sided dice (d6). She rolls secretly, and, the result being a 1, tells Nic that his character has discovered the clothes. The others cross the river. A grim realisation hits the cleric.

Jolinda — 'Yuk! The orcs must have *eaten* two of the people from the village!' She is completely outraged.

Brumhold is more phlegmatic. 'The skulls mark the edge of their territory. They hope people will be scared off.'

Norva — 'Well, they'll have to do better than that. Let's go on!'

Jolinda — 'Wait a minute. Lemmy, help me get those.... heads down, so we can give these unfortunates a decent burial.'

Lemmy is incredulous, but Jolinda will not be swayed. Sue notes that the party takes time to perform a simple ceremony.

The party moves on. Sue checks her map for the next encounter, and announces that, twenty minutes later, the party hears a cry of agony coming from up ahead.

Brumhold — 'It's the orcs killing another villager. Come on!'

The fighter makes as if to rush towards the screams, sword drawn, and Norva steps behind him. However, the others in the party urge more care.
Jolinda — 'No, wait! There may me a lot of them. We should handle this carefully until we know what is happening.'

Brumhold — 'So much for your concern! Pah! If we move fast we might save somebody's life.'

Sarak joins in this argument, since he realises that his own life could be in danger. A single blow could easily kill the magic user, who has only 2 hit points.

Norva — 'But you could **sleep** them!'

Sarak — 'Not if I've been chopped to pieces, I can't....'

Lemmy announces her reluctance to get into a fight, once more falling foul of Brumhold's contempt. 'Typical! That's just what I expected of you.'

The players are beginning to establish their characters as *real* people, each with aspirations of their own. For Jon, Brumhold is reckless when it comes to a fight, since his character lives to do battle with worthy opponents. Anne sees Jolinda as a woman whose dedication to eradicating evil is tempered by a little more common sense. Lemmy, of course, would much prefer easy money to the potential hazards of fighting a large group of dangerous creatures, and Terry plays the thief as a character of great caution. The magic user, as seen by Alan, is ambitious and crafty; very unlikely to want to risk his life in a frantic melee. Sarak will not rush into anything.

Nic Novice is beginning to understand what role-playing is about. For the moment, Norva Ironarms remains somewhat of a 'copy' of his fellow-fighter, Brumhold, but then, he has a lot to learn.

Jolinda — 'Let's move a little closer, and see what is happening ahead.'

Brumhold — 'It'll be on your head if those orcs have killed anybody else....'

Sarak — 'We can't prevent that if we allow ourselves to be killed, Brumhold.'

Lemmy — 'That's right, Wiz . So, I'll just bring up the rear, OK?'

Norva — 'Don't you worry, Thief, I'll protect you if the orcs attack us. They'll regret the day they ever met Norva Ironarms!'

Next month - To the rescue

BY JIM BAMBRA AND PAUL RUIZ

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Merry Christmas to all our readers!

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YOU ARE IN A COLD, DARK ROOM...

You hear a steady, regular shuffling sound and an occasional grunt which tells you that something else is here with you. But you cannot see what it is!

The hair on your neck rises in anticipation. You break out in a cold sweat. Terror strikes deep into your very soul. You must act quickly — but what will you do?

Will you
- **a)** Feel around the walls for a light switch? (Turn to page 16)
- **b)** Draw your weapon and strike blindly at the unnamed horror? (Turn to page 30)
- **c)** Run for your life? (Turn to page 40)

Turn to the page indicated in one of the above options to find the results of your decision.

A restricted number of monsters is more credible than a terrific variety.... then, an unfamiliar monster is something really new and different.

A page for the not-so-experienced adventurer

by Roger Musson

In the bad old days before the coming of IMAGINE™ magazine (puff) an article appeared in the Player's Association Newsletter giving a brief history of the D&D® game. In the course of this article, the author recounted with a sense of wonder how in the original, pre-Greyhawk rule books there were less than fifty monsters in total (excluding humans) for a DM to populate all his dungeon levels with. How did anyone manage?

The answer is, as any of us old stagers will tell you (pauses to comb grey hairs out of beard), that we managed all right, thank you. Today, of course, we are very much accustomed to the vast range of monsters provided not only by the **Monster Manual** and FIEND FOLIO™ Tome, but also the many, many monsters that have been published in a variety of magazines, amateur newsletters, and compendia of one sort and another. I recall one stage of the hobby when it was common for DMs to compete in the number of monsters in their wandering monster tables; one would say, 'I use ten level tables of twelve monsters each'; another would reply, 'that's nothing — I have fifteen level tables of twenty monsters each' and so on. Nowadays there seems little point in such competition; there is virtually no limit to the number of monsters you can deploy given a sufficiently comprehensive scanning of the available literature.

Excitement wears off

Personally, though, I think there was something to be said for the original restricted selection. For one thing, as players, we got to know the standard monsters pretty well. We found out what they like, how to deal with them, how not to deal with them, and so on. Kobolds, orcs, zombies, they were part of the familiar underground world. In a dungeon with a huge variety of monsters, there is a distinct possibility that players will virtually never meet the same monster twice, and never gain familiarity with anything.

Secondly, in the old days, when we did come across an unfamiliar monster (perhaps a special creation of the DM) then it was something really new and different. The party would at once perk up its attention. What is it? But if one continually meets new monsters, and never the same one twice, then the excitement can very quickly wear off, and each new monster becomes just another new monster. 'It's pink and has two heads and a mouth in its stomach.' Oh yes? So what else is new? Hack. Slay.

Thirdly, it must be said, that a relatively restricted number of monsters in a dungeon is more credible than a terrific variety. This is an argument to be used with care, since the average dungeon is not a very credible place at the best of times. Nonetheless, I prefer to slant things towards credibility if I can.

What I am coming round to is this: that as DM you should not feel obliged to use all the monsters in the Monster Manual and FIEND FOLIO Tome just because they are there. You should feel perfectly free to pick and choose, and make up your own wandering monster tables using just those monsters that you want, leaving out those that you do not like, and putting in some of your own. There is much to be said (as I hope I have shown) for making up a fairly restricted list of fifty to sixty monsters, at least to start with. This is particularly true if your players are novices — let them cut their teeth on a handful of monsters they can come to recognise before you start throwing the wild and wonderful at them.

Cut the maniacal attacks

Another important point to be reckoned with here is this: it is not so much the monster that counts as how you play it. As one friend of mine (a real veteran of the D&D game) sagely remarked, you can have a lot of fun with an orc — if you play it well. The key is to play monsters with the right degree of intelligence. Do not make everything attack maniacally on sight — clever monsters will behave cleverly, and perhaps try to trap or deceive the players rather than attack them. Half-witted monsters will behave half-wittedly, and perhaps players will be able to trick them. The more 'storyline' you can get out of your monsters the better. Is internecine strife amongst the orcs rampant? Is there a feud between kobolds and goblins that the players could exploit?

Finally, on the subject of monsters, bear in mind that player-characters have not read the Monster Manual and do not have access to the knowledge contained therein. Thus they should not really be able to act on knowledge that stems from the fact that the player in question has read the Monster Manual. Initially, therefore, it is a good idea to discourage players from reading either the Monster Manual or the **Dungeon Master's Guide**. Let them find out the hard way how to deal with an ochre jelly or a gargoyle. However, sooner or later one or more players will want to become DMs in their own right, and then they will necessarily know all sorts of things which as players they should not really know.

One way round this is simply to alter all the statistics for your monsters. You could make the skeleton a fearsome, 6 HD, AC 2 beast, and degrade the beholder to a humble 1 HD, AC 7 creature with but a feeble 1-4 claw attack. This is absolutely fair and above board as long as you are consistent — there is no reason why players should be able to expect that a wight in one DM's universe is the same as a wight in some other DM's universe. But to chop and change — say, to play skeletons the standard way and then suddenly introduce one with a **level drain** ability to 'keep players on their toes' is definitely mean.

Whatever you do, if a player ever objects, 'but it says in the Monster Manual that....', the reply is, 'what does Thorgrim (or whatever their character name is) know of that?'

Roger Musson

Cantrips

by Gary Gygax

This article, the second of a two part series on Cantrips for magic users and illusionists, first appeared in our sister publication, ***DRAGON*** *magazine, issues 59, 60 & 61 (March / April / May 1982). It is reproduced by kind permission of that journal's editor.*
Notes on the use of cantrips appear at the end of this article.
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0-level magics, for apprentice wizards in the AD&D™ game

Cantrips are, simply, 0-level magic-user spells, the spells used by apprentices during the long and tedious training for the crafts of magic use. Most cantrips are spells of no great effect, so when the individual becomes a journeyman (1st-level) magic user, the knowledge pertaining to these small magics are discarded in favour of more powerful spells. However, a magic user may opt to remember up to four cantrips in place of one 1st-level spell. This assumes that the magic user retains his or her book of cantrips — a tome as large as a good-sized book of higher-level spells.

Legerdemain Cantrips

Change *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *1 object* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

By means of a **change** cantrip, the caster alters one small object to another. The change must be within the same kingdom, and only animal and vegetable objects are affected. Thus, a piece of parchment can be changed to a brightly coloured cloth square; the cloth then changed to a rose. Each change requires a **change** cantrip. The cantrip will not cause more than 50% increase or decrease in size/volume, and the effect will last for a base time of 1 turn. If the **change** is radical, then the time will be reduced accordingly; ie, a dead to live object is a radical change and will last only 1 round. On the other hand, a slight alteration such as colour change or the like will last for 1 or more days. Saving throw does not apply as long as small, animal-intelligence, non-magical creatures of normal sort are concerned. Typically, a magic word is verbalized while the hand makes a pass over the object to be affected.

Distract *(Enchantment)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_3$ *segment*

Using this cantrip, the caster causes all watching to look at an area to the right or left, and within 10 feet of the caster. Thus, the caster can cause viewers to watch one hand and a place a few feet distant where the caster's finger is pointing, while the other hand does something unnoticed. Saving throws apply only to individuals above 0 level, or with at least 1+1 hit dice and an intelligence above a low rating. The **distract** cantrip has a duration of only 1 segment. The caster speaks an attention-getting word and gestures to the left or right.

Hide *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *1 object* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

This cantrip allows the caster to magically **hide** an object of virtually any size for a short period of time. The cantrip casts a dweomer over the desired object so that it becomes invisible to all those in front of the caster. The magic does not affect sound, so that if a crowing rooster were made to disappear, its cry would still be heard. The dweomer will not work if viewers are beside or behind the caster. The cantrip lasts for 1 turn on an object of 2 cubic yards or less in size. The duration is reduced by 1 round for every additional 2 cubic yards of volume made to disappear, until at 20 cubic yards of volume, duration is 1 round. At over 20 cubic yards of volume, duration is reduced by a number of segments equal to 1 per 2 additional cubic yards; ie, the **hide** cantrip will have a duration of 9 segments if cast on an object of 22 cubic yards volume; 8 segments for 24 cubic yards, and so on down to 1 segment for 38 cubic yards. Anything over 38 cubic yards in volume will at best momentarily seem to disappear and then reappear again. Verbal component is an activating word such as *'abracadabra'* while the hand passes across the front of the object. The caster can dispel the cantrip simply by speaking the activating word.

Mute *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *1 object* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

The **mute** cantrip alters the shape of small objects of a mineral nature. It applies to glass, metal, stone, etc. A plane can be altered to a rod, a torus to a sphere, etc. Similarly, glass could be changed to crystal, lead to silver, copper to gold, etc. The duration of the **mute** is 1 round. If an individual touches the object affected, the dweomer of the cantrip might be affected. The individual touching it makes a saving throw vs magic, and if it succeeds the cantrip is dispelled. Verbal and somatic components are similar to a **change** cantrip.

Palm *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *1 small object* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

With this cantrip the caster can secrete a small object in his or her hand without seeming to do so. The dweomer creates an illusory duplicate of the object, so that the other can be taken while under a form of **hide** cantrip (which works regardless of viewer position). The duplicate lasts just 1 segment, so it must be screened from view, or onlookers will see it wink out of existence. A special word is spoken while a finger points at the object to be palmed. The caster may pick up the now-invisible actual object while seemingly only touching the duplicate.

Present *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *1 small object* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

A **present** cantrip brings small objects to hand from within a 2-foot radius. They will appear magically in the caster's hand as he or she puts the hand upward or outward with a flourish and speaks the key word. If an object as large as a tankard is presented, the cantrip will be exhausted, but as many as a dozen coins could be brought to hand before the dweomer failed. The caster must know the exact nature and location of the desired objects. If they are on the person of another individual, a saving throw vs magic applies, unless the objects are in plain sight.

Person-Affecting Cantrips

Belch *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

When this cantrip is cast the subject will involuntarily belch. A saving throw is applicable only to see how loud or muffled the sound is, failure indicating a very loud belch, success meaning that the sound is more muffled. Verbal component is an almost inaudible belch while the caster's hand presses the diaphragm.

Blink *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

This cantrip causes the subject to blink its eyes. The blinking reaction lasts for just half a second. A successful saving throw indicates only a single eye wink, or no effect for one-eyed creatures. A word is spoken softly while the fingers snap.

Cough *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_3$ *segment*

This cantrip makes the subject cough spasmodically. If a saving throw is made, the cough is only a brief hacking which will not disturb other activities. Failure indicates a loud series of coughs lasting 1-3 seconds. The somatic component is a gagging gesture while a gasp is verbalized.

Illusionist cantrips begin on page 10

Giggle *(Charm)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_3$ *segment*

The effect of this cantrip depends on the saving throw. If the subject fails to save, the result will be a chuckle lasting 2 or 3 seconds. If it succeeds, only a brief giggle will be caused. The verbal component is a single phrase (known in magical circles as a 'punch line') while one finger moves to and fro rapidly.

Nod *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

This cantrip causes the subject to give a nod of the head due to muscle contraction, as if nodding in agreement or as a greeting. A successful saving throw negates the effect. The caster gives a slight nod of the head while pointing a little finger at the subject.

Scratch *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 creature* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

A **scratch** cantrip causes an annoying itch on some portion of the body. Unless a saving throw is made, the subject will scratch at this itch. This only takes a second, and will cause the itch to cease. Verbal component is the name of some body pest (flea, louse, etc) while the area of the itch is pointed to.

Sneeze *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 creature* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

A cantrip of this kind causes irritation in the subject's nasal passages. Unless the subject makes a successful throw vs magic, a sneeze will occur. The caster verbalizes the name of an irritant substance while touching his or her nose.

Twitch *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 creature* CT: $^1/_3$ *segment*

By means of this cantrip, the caster causes a muscle contraction somewhere on the subject — the head, arm etc. The twitch will be noticeable, but will not cause the subject loss of control or concentration. The cantrip is negated by a successful saving throw. Verbal component is the name of the area to be affected while the caster gazes at the area making a twitching motion with the hand.

Wink *(Enchantment)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

This cantrip causes the subject individual to wink one eye. A saving throw indicates that the winking is rapid and not greatly noticeable, while failure to save indicates a greatly exaggerated, prolonged winking. The caster speaks a magical phrase while making imperceptible winks with the eye.

Yawn *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 creature* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

A **yawn** cantrip makes the subject feel drowsy, causing it to yawn. If a saving throw vs magic succeeds, the subject is unaffected, while failure not only forces the yawn, but makes the subject more susceptible to a **sleep** spell. For the balance of the round in which the **yawn** cantrip was cast, and during the whole of the next round, the subject will fall into comatose slumber if a **sleep** spell is cast upon it. An additional creature will be vulnerable to **sleep** if more than 1 creature of 4 or fewer hit dice are subjected to the spell, and where creatures of 4+1 to 4+4 hit dice are involved, there is a chance that 2 will actually be affected by **sleep**. Even a creature of up to 5+2 hit dice can be affected by **sleep** if previously victimized by a **yawn** cantrip, but there is a 50% chance that it will not be affected, as if the creature had 4+1 to 4+4 hit dice. The caster hums a lullaby while making a rocking motion with cupped hands.

Personal Cantrips

Bee *(Summoning)*
Area of Effect: *1 bee* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

When this cantrip is employed, the caster summons a honey bee from some place — *where* is of no importance, for the creature

appears in seconds, wherever the caster gazes, up to 1" away. The bee is annoyed, and is 90% likely to sting any creature it finds itself upon (causing the subject to react violently if it would normally be so affected). The verbal component is a low buzzing sound while the caster's forefinger makes flight-like passes.

Bluelight *(Conjuration)*
Area of Effect: 1/4' CT: 1/2 *segment*

This cantrip conjures a small sphere of glowing blue radiance. The light has an eerie effect when seen from a distance, but it only illuminates an area of 5' radius. Furthermore, it does not cast reflections beyond this radius, nor affect infravision or ultravision. When the caster says a rhyme using the words 'blue' and 'light' in any combination, the **bluelight** appears in his open palm and glows until he ceases to concentrate.

Bug *(Summoning)*
Area of Effect: *1 bug* CT: 1/2 *segment*

The **bug** cantrip enables the caster to summon some form of crawling insect. It will likewise be irritated and will attack the creature it might find itself upon, with appropriate results. Verbal component is the name of the insect desired while the caster's forefinger makes a sliding and pointing motion at the desired area of the bug's appearance (up to 1" distant).

Firefinger *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: 1/2' CT: 1/3 *segment*

The **firefinger** cantrip enables the caster to cause a jet of flame up to half a foot in length to shoot forth from a finger. The flame is very hot, and ignites combustible materials such as parchment, twigs and the like without difficulty, providing the materials are relatively dry. The flame persists for up to 1 segment. The caster speaks a word of power over elemental fire (*'ronson'*, or the much revered *'dun-hill'*), extends the forefinger, and makes a down or sideways motion with the thumb.

Gnats *(Summoning)*
Area of Effect: *1 cubic foot* CT: 1/2 *segment*

When this cantrip is used, a cloud of gnats is summoned. It will immediately fly around the head of the nearest living creature, and unless he, she or it makes a successful saving throw vs poison, the cloud of gnats will distract the creature for 1-4 segments before flying elsewhere. The verbal component is a high-pitched buzzing sound while the caster points a finger at the area in which the gnat cloud is to appear.

Mouse *(Summoning)*
Area of Effect: *1 mouse* CT: 1/2 *segment*

The **mouse** cantrip enables the caster to bring forth a mouse to a position up to 1" away. The animal will be a typical field mouse or as similar a species as possible. When it arrives, the caster will have no control over the mouse, and the animal will behave as would any in the given situation. The caster speaks a summoning word (typically the name of a food item desirable by mice) while holding his or her hands in such a way as to resemble mouse ears.

Smokepuff *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1' diameter cloud* CT: 1/3 *segment*

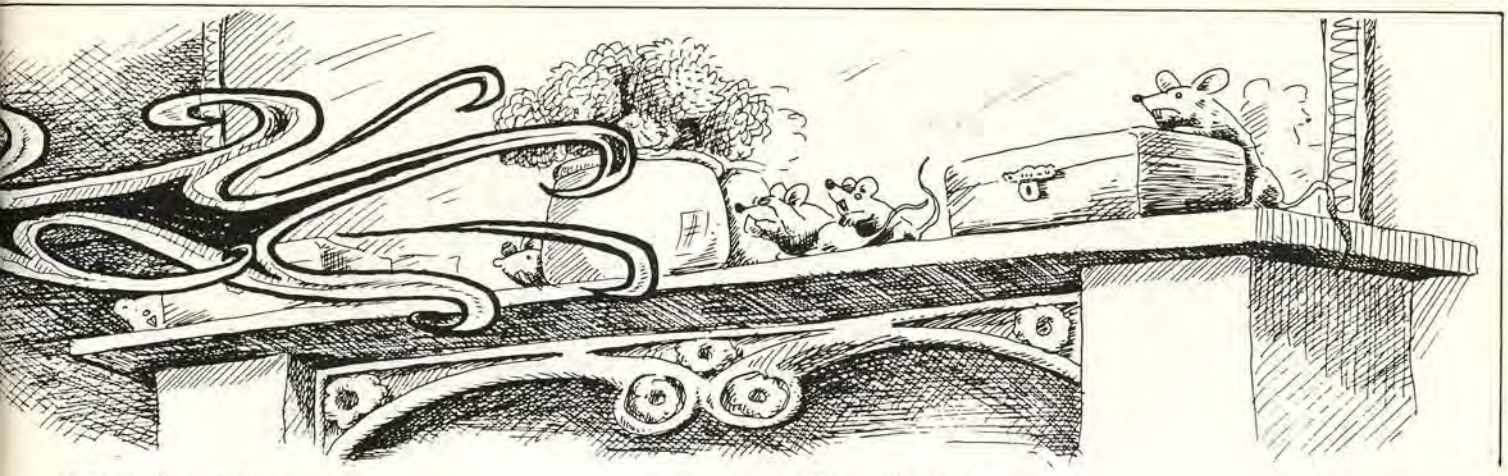
When this cantrip is employed, a puff of smoke appears in the desired location, up to 1" distant from the caster, and will ascend as would any cloud of smoke, or be dissipated, depending on the prevailing conditions. The caster can cause the smoke to be either white, grey, black, brown, yellow or green. The caster names the colour of smoke desired while moving a hand from an extended horizontal position to a vertical one, meanwhile breathing forth a puff of air.

Spider *(Summoning)*
Area of Effect: *1 small spider* CT: 1/2 *segment*

This cantrip summons a small, ordinary spider from elsewhere to the location desired by the caster, up to 1" distant from his or her person. The arachnid so summoned will usually be a common garden spider or the like, no larger than an inch or two in diameter, and it will be basically harmless. There is a 5% chance that the creature will turn out to be one with powerful poison (black widow, brown recluse, etc). Since the spider summoned will be annoyed, the creature upon which it finds itself, if such is the case, will be subject to an immediate biting attack. This will have only a momentary effect, distracting the victim for 1 segment, for a normal spider. If the spider is of the very poisonous sort, the victim must also make a saving throw vs poison at +4. Success indicates only 1 point of damage is inflicted. Failure indicates 2 points of damage inflicted, and the victim will feel sick and be unable to act normally for 1-4 days unless a **neutralize poison** spell is cast to remove the toxin (a **slow poison** will defer the sickness for 1 day). To cast the cantrip, the word *'arachnid'* should be spoken while spreading and wiggling the fingers.

Tweak *(Conjuration)*
Area of Effect: *1 creature* CT: 1/3 *segment*

With this cantrip, the caster causes an unseen thumb and forefinger to harmlessly, but annoyingly, tweak some portion of a subject within 1" radius of the caster. Portions subject to the **tweak** cantrip are: cheek, nose, ear, beard, moustache or tail. The cantrip's effects do not disturb spell casting, although it might cause a distraction, making someone turn towards the source of the annoyance. A failure to save vs magic (for creatures with an intelligence under 7), or failure to roll a score greater than intelligence on 3d6 (for those with intelligence of 7 or greater), indicates a 1-segment distraction. The caster speaks a magic phrase (such as *'kitchy-kitchy-coo'*) while making a pinching and pulling motion with thumb and forefinger.



Unlock *(Conjuration)*
Area of Effect: *1 lock* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

This cantrip enables the caster to conjure an invisible, key-like force appropriate to the locking mechanism to be opened (or closed). The **unlock** cantrip will affect only simple locks — those which have closing pressure prongs or bolt and pins. Locks with tumblers or levers, as well as secret-combination locks, are not subject to this cantrip, but simple locks with complex wards to prevent skeleton-key triggering will be subject to the cantrip. While the caster speaks a word or phrase associated with locks (*tick-tock-doublelock*, *yah-el*, etc) he or she makes a twisting motion with fingers held as if to grasp a key.

Haunting-Sound Cantrips

Creak *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

This cantrip evokes a noise similar to that of a door with corroded hinges slowly opening, or else a sound as if something were walking over squeaking floor-boards. The former sound lasts for 1-3 segment; the latter noise will last half a segment and seem to traverse up to 10 feet distance. The caster makes a low creaking sound in the throat while using a hand to make an opening motion or fingers to make a walking motion.

Footfall *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

This cantrip creates the aural illusion of footsteps. The sound is as if a human or humanoid were walking. The footfalls can be soft or fairly noisy. They can approach, move away, follow, or seem to parallel a person or party. They must begin within 1" of the caster, but they may thereafter move away from him or her up to a 2" distance, or may approach closer than 1". The caster must softly vocalise sounds similar to footsteps while pointing at the area they are to occur initially and subsequently.

Groan *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

A **groan** cantrip creates the audible illusion of a wracking cry coming from a location up to 1" away from the caster, even from inside a chest or behind a door. Those creatures within hearing distance are allowed a saving throw versus magic, and if it succeeds, the individual will hear no such noise. The caster makes a soft groaning sound in his or her throat while pointing to the area from which the sound is to appear to come.

Moan *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

This cantrip is the same as a **groan** cantrip, except that the sound involved is either a pitiful or an eerie moan. The verbal component for each of the desired sounds is either a low-pitched moan for the haunting effect or a high-pitched one for the pitiful effect.

Rattle *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

By means of this cantrip, the caster causes the audible illusion of a rattling sound associated with chains. Its direction and distance are the same as for a **groan** cantrip. The sound will last for up to 2 seconds. All creatures within 1" of the sound are entitled to a saving throw versus magic to determine whether they hear the illusionary sound. The spell caster names the rattling device of which he or she desires to create the illusion, while shaking one hand vigorously.

Tap *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *1 sq. foot* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

By means of this cantrip, the caster is able to evoke an invisible force which will tap or rap against some solid object — a door, lid, floor, table, wall, pane, or whatever. The sound will occur once, twice, or thrice according to the number of fingers extended by the caster. It is an actual sound, and creatures within 1" of the noise will certainly hear it if their sensory organs permit. Verbal component is a hollow sound created by the tongue against the palate, or a key phrase spoken softly, while the finger makes a tapping motion.

Thump *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_{10}$ *segment*

An audible illusion, the thump cantrip causes all creatures within a 1" radius of the area of effect to hear a loud but muffled thumping sound, as if something large just fell from a height of a foot or two. A successful saving throw versus magic nullifies the cantrip's effect. The caster can cause the sound to seem to come from any location within a 1" radius of his or her person. The caster swallows loudly while pointing toward the area where the cantrip is to come from and thinking of the thumping sound.

Whistle *(Evocation)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

When this cantrip is cast, the dweomer causes a faint or loud whistling sound. A faint whistling can be heard within 10', a loud one within 30'. The sound can be sharp and normal-seeming or echoing, hollow, and eerie. The caster must whistle softly in a manner generally similar to the desired sound while he or she looks at the area from which the sound is to come and holds two fingers near his or her mouth.

CANTRIPS FOR THE ASPIRING ILLUSIONIST

The cantrips for this sub-class are basically the same as those for magic users of the standard sort. The main differences are that illusionists generally have fewer of them, and they have an entire additional type of cantrip not known to magic users.

Illusionists learn many of the same cantrips as do apprentice magic users, as indicated on the table below. They have, in addition, certain of their own petty magics which they might have learned. These special cantrips are likewise enumerated below. Otherwise, all properties pertaining to magic-user cantrips apply to those employed by illusionists.

Useful Cantrips:	*As magic users, -3*
Reversed:	*2-5*
Legerdemain:	*3-6 (d4+2)*
Person:	*2-5*
Personal:	*2-5*
Haunting:	*5-8*

Special Illusionist Cantrips

No.	Minor Illusion (5-8)
1	Coloured Light
2	Dim
3	Haze
4	Mask
5	Mirage
6	Noise
7	Rainbow
8	Two-D'lusion

Explanations and Descriptions

Coloured Lights *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

When this cantrip is employed, the caster creates one or more globes of pastel light (cf magic users' **bluelight** cantrip). A single globe of illumination 1 foot in diameter can be brought forth, or a pair of 6-inch-diameter globes, three 4-inch globes, or four 3-inch globes. The caster can cause these globes of light to be of any pastel colour. Each will illuminate a radius around it equal to five diameters; ie, a 1-foot globe sheds a 5-foot radius of radiance, while a 3-inch sphere of light illuminates only a radius of 15 inches. As long as the caster concentrates upon the **coloured lights**, the cantrip will remain active, and the globe or globes will float near or rest upon the caster, as he or she desires, within the 1" range. Globes can be moved back and forth, up and down, to and fro as desired. The illumination from any of them will not cast reflections beyond 1", and the light shed cannot be detected beyond 3". Infravision and ultravision are not affected if light is coloured pale blue or pink, but other hues will disturb these visual capabilities. The caster must speak the colour and number of globes desired, then speak a magic word (*mazda*, etc), while directing the globes with one or more fingers.

Dim *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

By means of a **dim** cantrip, the illusionist causes a light source to become weaker or the very air to become less permeated by light rays. If light sources are to be affected, about 6 torches, a medium-sized fire, (such as in a fireplace or a campfire), 72 candles, or even a **light** or **continual light** spell can be affected.

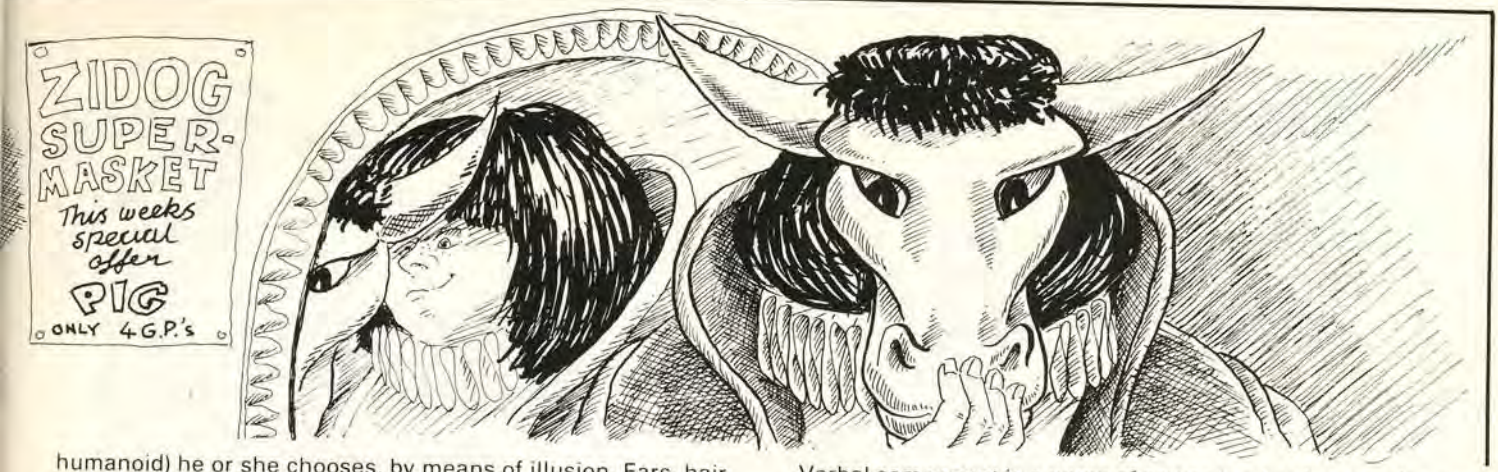
The **dim** cantrip will cause any of the above light sources to shed at shed only half their normal radiance for one full round. Torches will burn only as brightly as candles, candles will but glow dimly, a fire will become torch-like in illumination, and all **light** spells dim to half their normal brightness. Affected light must be within 1" of the caster. He or she must speak a magical phrase (such as *Bee Row Nout* or *Rhee-Oh Stat*) and make a downward motion with one hand to effectuate the cantrip.

Haze *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *1" cube* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

When a **haze** cantrip is cast, the atmosphere in the desired area of effect becomes cloudy, as if layered by smoke or filled with floating dust. Any creature attempting to discharge missiles or cast spells at a target screened by such a haze will be affected. The target is 5% harder to hit, so missile discharge is at -1 To Hit and saving throws are at +1 (or one is given when otherwise none is allowed, although it is only a 5% chance to save in the latter case). Hiding in shadows is 5% more effective when screened by a **haze** cantrip. The hazy effect lasts but a single round. It must be cast over an area within 1" of the caster. Atmospheric conditions will destroy the haze if applicable — a good breeze, rain etc. A **gust of wind** spell will immediately disperse the haze. The caster hums a melody while the hands make passes before the body to effect this cantrip.

Mask *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *1 person* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

A **mask** cantrip enables the caster to alter his or her face, or the visage of whatever subject individual (human, demi-human, or



humanoid) he or she chooses, by means of illusion. Ears, hair, head shape, facial features, and all such aspects of appearance are effected. The **mask** will only be detectable if a viewer peers closely or can **detect illusion** and does so. The effect lasts for 3-6 rounds. The caster touches his or her face, thinks of the desired features, and then speaks a word descriptive of the visage desired.

Mirage *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *2 sq feet* CT: $^1/_2$ *segment*

This cantrip lets the caster cause an area to appear to be something other than it is. The **mirage** cantrip brings an illusionary scene to cover the area. The area must be relatively flat and featureless, and the **mirage** must be an actual place, in existence at the time, which the caster has actually beheld.

A saving throw vs magic is applicable. The cantrip lasts for as long as the caster concentrates, although each round there is a 5% cumulative chance that it will waver and reveal its true nature. Touching a mirage will instantly dispel the cantrip, as will **dispel illusion** or **dispel magic**. The caster must speak a word or two descriptive of the mirage and then make a single pass to cause the magic to begin. It is maintained by concentration alone thereafter.

Noise *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *1"* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

The caster of a **noise** cantrip causes illusory sound of whatever nature he or she desires, although it is indistinct and confusing. Thus, he or she can cause a murmuring sound as if many voices were speaking behind a thick door or at a great distance, a rushing sound similar to wings and wind combined, shuffling and scraping as if many people were moving things or walking slowly but at some distant place, etc. All creatures within the area of effect will be subject to the cantrip, but each is entitled to a saving throw. Success negates the noise with respect to the individual. Range is 1" for the cantrip's radius of sound. The caster points a finger at the desired area and then softly makes sounds imitative of the noises desired.

Rainbow *(Alteration)*
Area of Effect: *Special* CT: $^1/_3$ *segment*

By means of this cantrip, the caster brings into being a plane of pastel colours which exactly duplicates a rainbow. He or she can cause this 30-foot-long, 1-foot-wide band of colour to arch into a bowed shape, remain a ribbon, twist and turn, etc. In any event, one end of the **rainbow** must be within 1" of the caster when the cantrip is cast. The colours will glow softly and be visible even in total (normal) darkness. If no motion is desired, the caster may leave the vicinity of the rainbow. If motion is desired, the caster must control it by hand gesture and remain within 1" of it. The **rainbow** will last for 1 round and then fade away. All creatures failing to save vs magic will gaze at the **rainbow** for 1-4 segments, 2-5 if the caster keeps it in motion. Verbal component is a name of power (*garland, pegee-lee*, etc) while the fingers of both hands form a pyramid shape.

Two-D'lusion *(Illusion)*
Area of Effect: *4 sq inches* CT: $^1/_6$ *segment*

This cantrip is virtually the same as a **phantasmal forces** spell in most respects. The caster creates a two-dimensional illusion of whatever he or she desires. If any viewer observes it from an angle of more than about 45 degrees from its horizontal or vertical viewing axis, the nature of the illusion will become immediately apparent. It is dispelled by touch or magic (**dispel illusion** or **dispel magic**). The illusion is invisible from the side or the rear. It lasts as long as the caster concentrates upon it. To effect the cantrip, the caster must speak a phrase descriptive of the illusion while making a circular motion with a closed hand.

The Casting of Cantrips

Cantrips are basically cast the same way as spells. Note that despite their simple components and short casting times, only two cantrips can be cast during any round by a single magic user or apprentice. Furthermore, the segment of the round in which the cantrip is cast is dependent on the usual factors: surprise, initiative, and so on. After the first of the two cantrips is cast, the magic user must roll a four-sided die to determine how many segments later he or she will be able to cast the second cantrip (if so desired). It is not possible for a magic user to cast both a spell and a cantrip during the same round, no matter how short the casting times.

Other cantrips

It is possible that an apprentice will have developed other cantrips over the course of his or her apprenticeship. The Dungeon Master must review carefully any proposed cantrip to determine whether it is of suitable nature and power when compared to existing cantrips herein. In no event is it possible for any apprentice to have developed more than three new cantrips.

Reading and recording cantrips

Since cantrips are magical, they must be read as would a spell. Likewise, to record one in a spell book or on a scroll, the same procedure is followed as in recording a spell.

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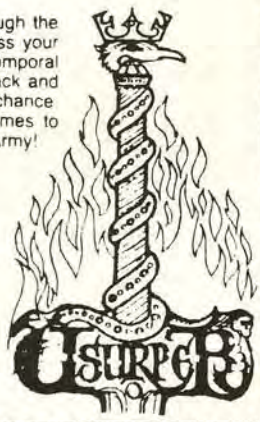

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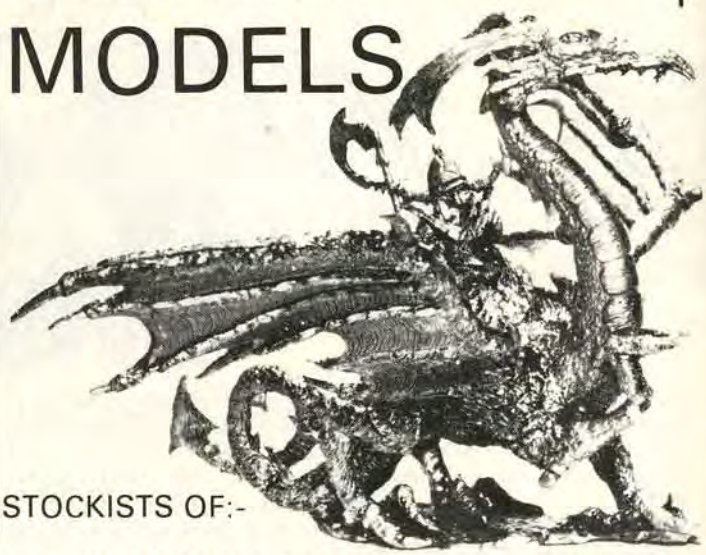

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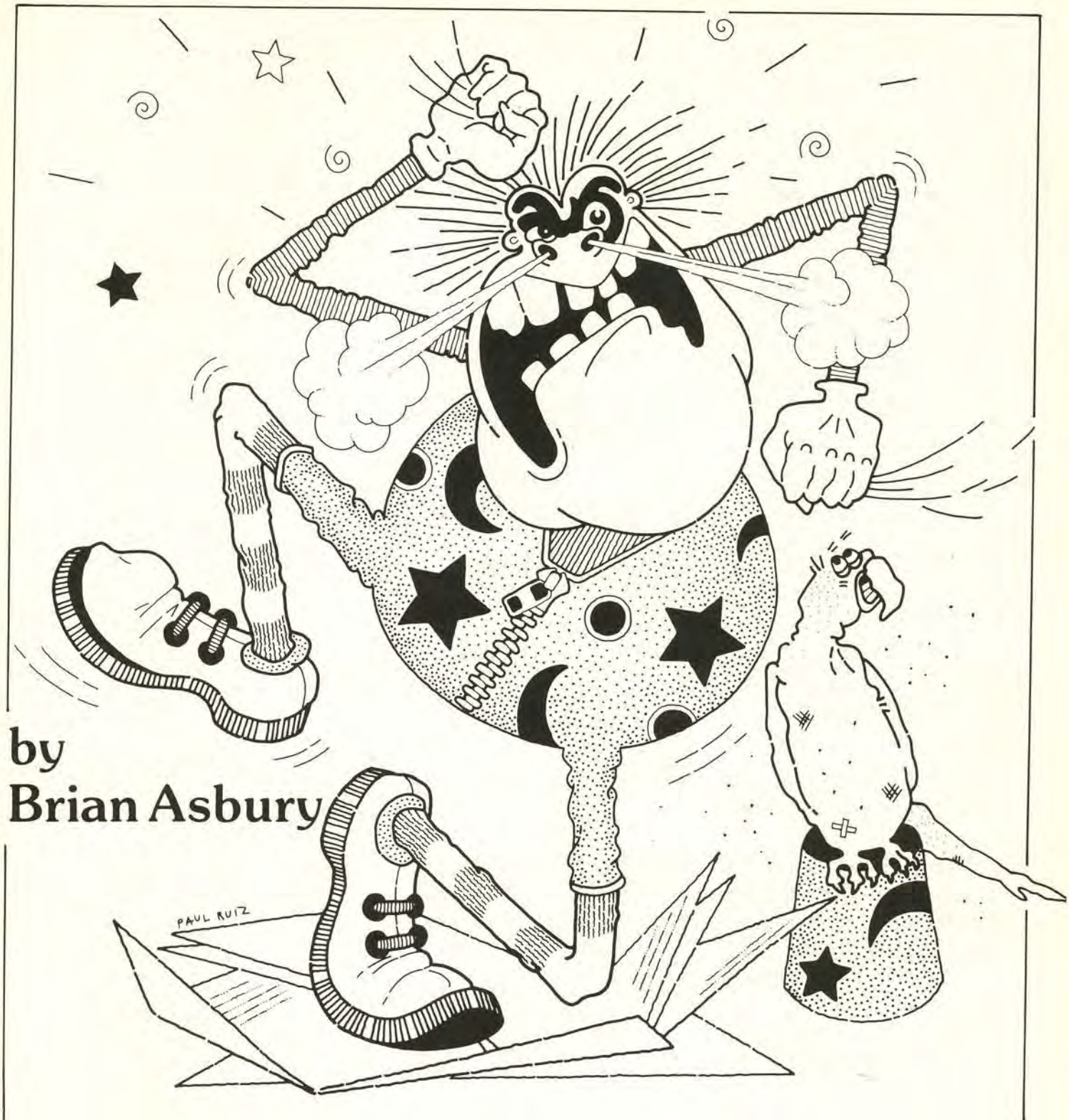

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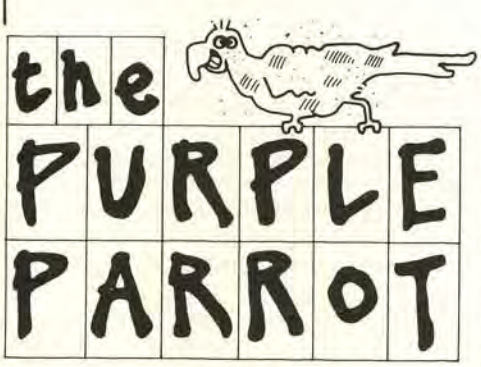

There are unpleasant shocks and there are unpleasant shocks; few things can be less welcome than learning of your wife's kidnapping by reading of it in a newspaper. Needless to say, reading such an item in his *Morning Chronicle and Thaumaturgist's Advertiser* did nothing for Mandaar the Mauve's already volatile temper.

In a rage, he scanned the headline once more; *'Mighty Wizard Abducts Spouse of Over-rated Local Magician'*, it said. Then he screwed up the paper, hurled it to the floor and raised his arms. Black pungent smoke filled the room; lightning painted violently white corruscations upon the walls; a small volcano erupted in the garden rockery outside — then Mandaar's tantrum subsided a little. He picked up the newspaper again.

His eyes fell upon the Stop Press. It read, 'Well! What did I do to deserve that, then?'

'What did you do?' bellowed Mandaar. 'You have the gall...? Listen, rag, how dare you inform me of my beloved Miranda's abduction before I've been contacted by her kidnappers? Just who do you think you are?'

'I am not responsible for the contents of my pages ' replied the back page, smugly.

'If you have any complaints, you must get in touch with my publishers.'

'Oh, I'll do that, don't you worry.' snorted the magician. I'll sue.... I'll.... I'll....'

The newspaper flipped open to the leader on page two. 'Look, Mandaar,' it read, 'it's not our fault. Drogan the Dark is interfering with our production spells this morning. I'm sorry, but I can't do anything to stop him. (Signed) Bothaw the Black-white-and-red-all-over (Editor).' Underneath was printed, 'Listen to the man, pipsqueak. If you want to see your precious wife again, surrender to me immediately. Haul your carcass (and the mystic Orb of Oberon which, as you know, I've always coveted) down to the Lohtar Ziggurat at noon or the bint gets it. Yours, cordially, your eternal nemesis, Drogan.'

Mandaar hurled the paper to the floor again. 'Oof!' screamed the headline. Mandaar ignored it and yelled, 'Albert! Albert! Rrrr, where is that idle, good-for-nothing.... ?'

'Here, Boss.... here.' A gangling, acne-ridden youth burst into the room, panting. 'What's up, then? Did you know there's a volcano in the — ?'

'Quiet, minion!' snapped Mandaar. 'What care I about volcanoes when my beloved wife Miranda has been stolen from under my nose?'

'Well?' Mandaar shouted. 'Don't just sit there, you useless lump! Get the second best carpet ready while I fetch the mystic Orb.'

'Croak?' said Albert.

Mandaar raised his eyes to the ceiling. 'One.... two.... three.... ye gods, lad, do I have to do everything myself?' He idly waved his hand and there was a blinding flash.

'Urrrgh.... oof! Ah.... do you have to do that?' complained Albert, checking himself over to make sure that he was all there. 'It's very disconcerting....'

'....four, five, eight....'

'All right, I'm going!'

'Kuk.... kuk.... kuk.... kuk....'

'Did we have to bring that scraggy bird along?' grumbled Albert. He was hanging for dear life on to the edges of a mauve-and-white carpet which was streaking somewhat unsteadily through the leaden morning skies. Mandaar sat at the opposite end, a leather cap on his head and goggles over his eyes. Perched upon his shoulder was a remarkably unhandsome parrot, also of a mauve hue. Indeed, to describe it as merely 'unhandsome' was to insult unhandsome things everywhere.

'Listen, pipsqueak, if you want to see your precious wife again, surrender immediately. Haul your carcass down to the Ziggurat at noon or the bint gets it. Yours, cordially, your eternal nemesis, Drogan'

Albert sniggered. ' "Beloved"? That isn't what you called her yesterday, when she sat on your familiar!'

'Shut up, frog!' growled Mandaar.

'Croak?' said Albert.

'Now listen, apprentice, and listen good. I'm only going to say this once'. The frog sat up to attention whilst his master described what he had read in the newspaper. 'Right, then!' Mandaar concluded. 'Our course of action is quite clear. We must set out to rescue Miranda immediately. This time, Drogan the Dark shall not escape my wrath!'

'Croak!' said Albert.

Its plumage was an unhealthy, unruly mess. It looked as though some spiteful child had pulled out all of its feathers and stuck them back on at random. It was not nice.

'Kuk.... kuk.... kuk.... kukkukkukkukkuk kukkukkukkuk....'

A low growl escaped from Mandaar's throat. 'Now see what you've done. There, there, Gervaise. Did the nasty little wart insult daddy's little familiar, then?' He lovingly stroked its mangy head.

'Familiar?' snorted Albert. 'He's a waste of time, if you ask me. Other magicians have cat familiars. Or ferrets. Gronnle the Green has an alligator! I don't know why you don't chuck that bloody useless squawker and get yourself something decent. A raven, or maybe an owl?'

'Kuk.... kuk.... kukkukkukkukkukkukkuk kukkukkukkukkuk....'

'See what I mean? All it does is go "kuk kuk kuk" all the time. I wouldn't care if it could talk.'

Mandaar turned to face his apprentice, his complexion as mauve as his robes. 'You wanna be a frog, minion?'

'Actually,' mumbled Albert, 'I'm really rather fond of parrots....'

'I'm so glad. Now, pay attention. We're nearing our destination.'

'Really?' Albert gazed over the side of the carpet at the scenery rushing past at a dizzying rate. Ahead, an ominous black pile of granite was beginning to loom up out of the blackened, twisted vegetation of the Lohtar Forest. 'Is that it?'

'Yes. Can't sense the black horror of the place? Can you not feel the omnipresent evil which surrounds the ziggurat?'

'Er....no....'

'One.... two.... look, stupid! It's the Lohtar Ziggurat. It's dangerous. It is of evil repute. Even the sign outside says "Ziggurats can ruin your health". It's nasty, got it? So be on the lookout for signs of trouble. Drogan has doubtless planned a few surprises to greet our arrival.'

'Yes, boss.' Albert leaned over the side, once more. 'Er.... boss?'

'What is it, now? Can't you keep quiet? It takes concentration to keep one of these things stable.'

'Yes, but....'

'What?'

'You know those 'signs of trouble' you mentioned?'

'Well?'

'Er.... they don't include that huge ball of fire hurtling up towards us, do they?'

'WHAAAT?' The carpet lurched as Mandaar reacted, almost pitching Albert over the side. As it swerved to the right, an impossibly brilliant white radiance seemed to engulf them. Albert screamed, but the sound was overwhelmed by a deep booming noise so intense that it made his teeth vibrate. Then he felt himself falling. Mercifully, he fainted at this juncture.

'More tea, dear?'

'Oh yes, please, Mummy. And may I have another of those jammy teacakes, please?'

'Now, Albert! You've already had three. We don't want Mummy's little sunbeam getting fat, now do we?'

'Oh, pleeeease, Mummy? I've been ever so good.'

Mummy sighed. 'Oh, very well then, teddy bear. Oh. Was that the door?'

'Didn't hear nuffink, Mummy,' replied Albert, stuffing his face.

'I'm sure it was....' Mummy got up and walked towards the door. Suddenly, an enormous two-handed battleaxe split the thin wooden panelling apart. Mummy screamed in terror as a huge, filthy troll leaped into the room. Roaring hideously, it grabbed her by the neck with one hairy paw and hurled her into the kitchen. Then it started reducing the furniture to rubble.

Albert looked up from his tea. 'Oh, hello, Daddy.' he said.

'Wake up, stupid.'

'Huhn?' Albert opened his eyes. 'Mummy....' His words trailed off as he took in his surroundings. He was upright, trussed and chained and hanging from a ceiling hook in what was evidently a cold, damp, slimy, rough-hewn cave. A vile smell assailed his nostrils. 'W....where am I?' he moaned.

'In a cold, damp, slimy, rough-hewn cave, dummy!' came a voice from his left. He turned his gaze towards that direction, to see Mandaar, trussed in similar manner to himself and hanging from another hook and looking rather indignant. Beyond him, suspended from a third hook and looking even more indignant, was his wife Miranda. Even Gervaise the parrot had been bound and suspended. 'Kukk...?' it said, uncertainly.

'Awake at last, then, little sunbeam? Or should I call you "Teddy bear"?'

Albert crimsoned. He looked down into the leering visage of his captor. It was of a dark hue, a colouration which seemed to owe more to dirt than pigmentation, and boasted black eyes, bushy black eyebrows and scruffy black moustaches and beard. His hair was covered by a black cloth cap and he wore a voluminous black robe secured by a ragged black sash. In his hand he held a black staff, which he used to stir a viscous, foul-smelling black concoction bubbling away in a black cauldron.

'Colourful, isn't he?' said Mandaar. 'Albert, I'd like you to meet my self-styled eternal nemesis, Drogan the Dark. Drogan, my useless, good-for-buggar-all apprentice, Albert.'

'Pleased to meet you, Albert ' cackled Drogan. 'Indeed, it has been a pleasure, saving your life.'

'Saving my life?'

'Of course. You would have fallen to your deaths had not my magicks snatched you from the sky.'

'But but....' spluttered Albert, 'I thought you hated us.'

'Of course,' replied Drogan, 'but, practical matters first. Had I let you die, how could I have had the exquisite pleasure of watching you being torn limb-by-limb by the demon from the nether planes which I am summoning? Not very bright, is he, Mandaar?'

'You have to take what you can get, nowadays,' sighed Mandaar.

'....Sorry?' said Albert, in a very small voice. Miranda said nothing, being content to try and maintain her dignity, a feat which was by no means easy in her position.

'Anyway, to business.' Drogan said. He left his stirring and opened up a small mauve-velvet-covered casket, from which he withdraw a gleaming, golden orb decorated with a device showing a stylised hand and forearm, bent at the wrist with the fingers pointing downward. 'The Orb of Oberon!' he declared, fingering it lovingly. 'At last it is mine, the greatest treasure of the lost race of the fairies! At last!' He cackled evilly as he made passes with the Orb over his cauldron. 'See?' he hissed at Mandaar. 'See how the hellbroth responds?'

'Hmn?' Seemingly indifferent, Mandaar cast a bored glance at the cauldron. Indeed, the vile, ebony broth was bubbling and fuming furiously. The stench was becoming worse. 'Yes, I see it. So what?'

'So what? So what?' Drogan roared. 'So it spells your doom, that's what! Soon, now, very soon.... a demon from the nether planes will emerge from the hellbroth. With the Orb in my power, I shall command him to eat you alive. First, your feet, Mandaar. Can you not imagine the exquisite agony? And then, your calves. I shall savour every scream forever. And then, your knees. And then, your thighs. And then, you....'

'WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!!' squealed Albert.

'Shut up, wart!' three voices yelled in unison. Albert shrank in upon himself as best he could and began to whimper quietly. 'Well, at least we agree on something,' muttered Mandaar.

Drogan went back to his stirring. Albert continued to hang from his hook, in a state of panic. Neither Mandaar nor Miranda seemed even slightly concerned. Didn't they understand what Drogan was going to do to them? Albert wondered; didn't they care? 'Oh, well,' he mumbled, nervously, 'at least there's one consolation. I won't have to listen to that scraggy bird any more....'

Across the room, Gervaise the parrot raised his scrawny head indignantly. 'Kukkuk.... kuk.... kuk....'

Drogan looked up from his stirring. 'Mandaar,' he growled, through blackened teeth, 'can you not do something about that feathered monstrosity of yours? Does it have to make that row?'

A glimmer of a smile crossed Mandaar's features. 'Mine?' he said, slyly, 'You're mistaken, Drogan. Gervaise belongs to Albert.'

'What?' exclaimed Albert.

'I said he belongs to you, apprentice. You'd better do something about him. He's annoying the Mighty Wizard.'

'What?' repeated Albert, exasperated. 'It's not mine! I hate the thing! I'd wring its mangy neck if I had half a chance!'

'Kuk.... kuk.... kuk.... kuk.... kuk.... kuk kukkukkukkukkukkuk....'

'Yes,' growled Albert, 'kuk kuk kuk. Kuk kuk bloody kuk! You're going to get it, parrot. You can kuk all you want, now. In a minute, you're going to be demon fodder. How'd you like that, bird?'

'Kukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkuk....'

'Quiet!' screamed Drogan. 'You!' he yelled at Albert. 'You're making it worse. Shut it up, I command you!'

'I wish I could bloody shut it up!' Albert yelled back. 'I've been trying for years! If you're so wonderful, you shut it up!'

'Kukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkuk....'

'GAAHH!' Drogan howled. 'Shut up! Shut up! I cannot hear myself think!'

'Kukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkk...!'

'Shut up! Shut up! I, Drogan the Dark, Mightiest Wizard of All, command it!'

'Kukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkukkk....'

'AAAARRRGGGHHHH!' In a blind rage, Drogan stomped away from the cauldron and hurled the first thing that came to his hand at the source of his annoyance. The hard, metal ball bounced off the parrot, producing a loud 'SQUUKKK!' of pain, before clattering against the far wall. 'Hah! That will teach you!'

There was a momentary pause.

'Kuk.... kuk....' Drogan clapped his hands to his ears. 'That does it!' he howled. 'I'm going to wring your scrawny neck, bird!'

At that moment, Miranda's nose wrinkled in disgust. She turned to face her husband. 'Mandaar, dearest, have you noticed how that awful smell is growing steadily worse?'

'Hush!' warned Mandaar. However, Drogan had noticed it also. 'The hellbroth!' he cried, breaking off from his verbal assault upon Gervaise. He stared at the cauldron in horror. A shapeless black mass was rising from it. 'No!' he shrieked. 'Not yet! The Orb! What have I.... oh, no!'

'Oh yes!' smirked Mandaar. 'What do you think it was that you threw at my parrot?'

Drogan squealed in fury and frustration. 'There's still time!' He made a crazy dash across the cave, to where the Orb lay on the floor. Unfortunately, he was not quite quick enough. A sickly green pseudopod flicked out from the hellbroth and looped around his waist. Before he could do anything to save himself, it had retracted, pulling him into the inky depths of the broth.

Albert stared in horrified fascination at the scene for long minutes as the broth cooled and quietened. Then he realised that his bonds were gone and that he was drifting gently to the floor. Mandaar and Miranda stood nearby, dusting themselves off. 'Well, that's that.' commented the magician. Observing Albert's surprise at finding himself free, he added, 'Well, you didn't really think he had me held, did you? Old Drogan never could get anything right.

'You see, apprentice, I was just biding my time, waiting for an opportunity; and, when you started Gervaise off, I knew that he could be aggravated into doing something stupid. Was I not correct?'

Albert whistled. 'So the old squawker was good for something, after all.'

'Right.' agreed Mandaar. 'I suppose, really, that it was a case of too many "kuk"s spoiling the broth!'

Brian Asbury

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a) Reaching slowly behind you, you find the switch on the wall. Light floods the room. There in front of you sits a large, hairy creature, engrossed in a book. Drawing closer you observe that the book is called Blue Frog Tavern, one of the many solo adventures available with Tunnels & Trolls role-playing system.

As you hack off the creature's head, you realise that only this Tunnels & Trolls solo adventure saved you from certain death. You leave the room, determined to find out more. GOTO

FLYING BUFFALO

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ILLUMINATIONS

Model Mania

Grenadier Models will be known to most readers as the US company that, until recently, manufactured the Official AD&D™ game figures. UK gamers will shortly have the first opportunity to see the rest of Grenadier's work as they have appointed a British distributor and initial stocks should be in the country about now. One of the most eagerly awaited ranges is that for the **Call of Cthulhu** game. US critics have been virtually unanimous in their praise for these figures. At the time of writing there are two sets in the series. **Adventurers** consists of 12 human figures ranging from a Dandy with Automatic to a Professor with Tome. **Creatures** has 10 figures including such spine-chillers as a Nightgaunt, a Byakhee and a Hound of Tindalos.

Also getting rave reviews in the USA are the **Dark Crystal** figures. Again there are currently 2 sets in the range.

Grenadier are now making **Autoduel Miniatures** for use with **Car Wars**. 10 sets are available to permit a three-dimensional representation of the kind of homicidal motorway madness so beloved of Car Wars fans. The models are in 1/180 scale. In 1/285 scale is a series of miniatures for the popular **Ogre/GEV** boardgames. The figures which Grenadier previously marketed for the AD&D game are still available but now renamed **Dragon Lords**. All these ranges will be available from most games shops or direct from Grenadier's new UK distributors, Games of Liverpool.

Riding in the Slipstream

Issue 2 of **Autoduel Quarterly** is now available. This **Car Wars** journal has mirrored the phenomenal success of its parent game with issue 1 selling out in no time. In fact it was re-printed and has now sold out again. Issue 2 had an increased print run but also sold out in short order. Articles in issue 2 include an Advanced Collision System (how charming), Nightstrike, a CW role-playing scenario and CW 3rd edition rules changes. Games Workshop, of course, at last have their own **Battlecars** available. Long heralded and much delayed, it will be interesting to see if it can tuck in behind Car Wars and derive some benefit from the slipstream.

Non-Nuclear Future?

There's a tendency for games set in the near future of this planet of ours to be based on the premise that some sort of global catastrophe occurred towards the end of the 20th century. The GAMMA WORLD™ game, **Aftermath**, and **Morrow Project**, all share this gloomy basis for their game background. It may very well be the most likely future for mankind but it's a more dire prospect than watching *Coronation Street*.

Obviously Stephen Kyffin feels the same way, because he has designed and produced a role-playing game with 'an optimistic view of the future, with more technology and human understanding of ourselves and the planet we live on'. A somewhat laid-back attitude to syntax perhaps, but admirable sentiments for all that. The game is in booklet form, costs £2 (the advantage of being a home-grown product) and is called **Earth 2020**. Readers with thick spectacles and the word SWOT stencilled onto their satchels will immediately guess what year the game is set in.

*IMAGINE magazine is grateful to **Doug Cowie** for his assistance with these items.*

Siege City

Standard Games and Publications have several new games out, a couple of which may interest readers of IMAGINE™ magazine. **Thunde-rin Guns** is described as a role-playing game set in the Wild West. The question, apparently, is: Can the sheriff maintain law and order in Gulch City or will the gunmen take over? Play the game to find out. **Siege** is a development of Standard Games' well known medieval skirmish game, **Cry Havoc**. It is playable separately or can be used as an extension to the earlier game. Siege enables players to get to employ siege engines, battering rams and engineers. They may also have boiling oil poured on them, in which eventuality I'm sure they will Cry something other than 'Havoc'. Siege and Thunde-rin Guns are both boxed at £9.95.

Buffing Up Psi Potential

Space Opera buffs are being well looked after by FGU. Another scenario pack is now available and it sounds very original. **Casino Galactica** is a futuristic gambling resort. Players can make a fortune and lose it ten times over. They also meet some flamboyant NPCs — croupiers, sharps and the Mr Bigs. Four or five mini-scenarios are provided to give the opportunity of fully exploring Casino Galactica's potential for relaxation and adventure.

Psi World is a new FGU rpg about a society split between psychic human mutations and (for want of a better word) normals. The game can be played in two ways. In one version the prevailing feeling in society is that the mutants are evil aberrations to be rooted out at all costs. In the other, the mutants are considered highly developed and gifted beings, striving to make a better world in the face of the brutal deprivations of the non-psychics. Sounds a bit different, eh?

Transatlantic Tales

The latest word from our American brethren is that the following goodies should be available by the time you read these words.

Most important, **Monster Manual II** was, we hope, launched at Games Day. Packed full of nasties, from Abishai to Zygom, it retails at £8.95. Add to that the excellent O1 - **Gem and the Staff**, M2 -**Maze of the Riddling Minotaur**, L2 - **Assassin's Knot**, and X5 - **Temple of Death** and you have a varied package of new items for the D&D® and AD&D™ games.

But it gets better! We have been given advance warning of three major projects that should come to fruition in the new year. The **D&D Companion Set** will add new high-level emphasis to that game, though word is that there are no modules ready for it as yet. Then, it seems, there will be a new superheroes game, with additional products to follow, linked to the **Marvel** comics empire. Lastly, TSR will publish an 'epic' tale in 12 modules, to be called **Dragonlance**. This will take two years to publish.

None of these projects will come to fruition much before April or May — so watch this space for more details.

SCARLOTTI

by Terry Greer

an easy to play boardgame for up to four players

RULES

Equipment:

One Scarlotti board (loose inserted in this magazine)

Five sets of four counters; four *stars* and sixteen *ship* counters.

You will also require two identical packs of playing cards. These are not provided.

Object:

For one player to collect a *star* and return it to *home base*.

Preparation:

1) The packs of playing cards are divided into two groups, the first pile containing the numbers one to eight (the *movement* cards) and the second pile containing the numbers nine and ten, and the court cards (the *combat* cards).

2) Each player is then given sixteen *movement* cards, two of each number (one to eight).

3) The *combat* cards are shuffled and placed face down next to the board.

4) Each player selects four *ship* counters, and places these on the grid beside the *home base* (**figure 1**).

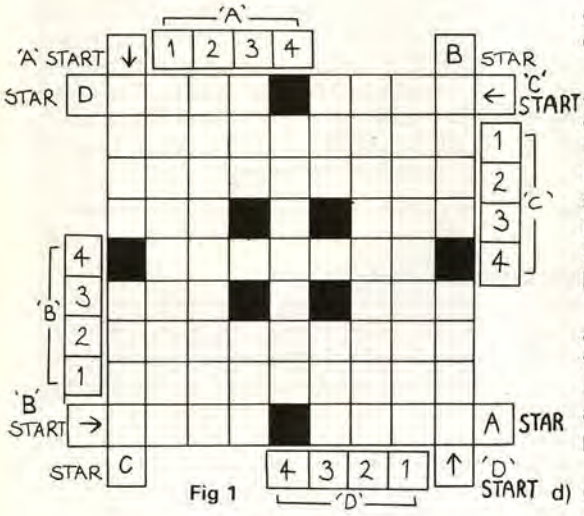

Fig 1

5) The *combat* cards are cut to decide the order of play, with the highest going first. Should two or more players cut cards of the same rank, the tied players should cut again to decide who goes first. Play progresses clockwise.

Movement:

A *move* consists of one of the following:

a) Playing a *movement* card (face up) and moving a *ship* counter that number of spaces (one to eight) **exactly**. A *ship* is not allowed to change direction, move diagonally, or enter the black squares or squares occupied by other players' *ships*. Nor can a player exit a *ship* from the board, or return to the arrowed *home base* square unless that *ship* has captured a *star* and is returning it to base.

b) Collecting an unattended *star*. This must be the one diagonally opposite the player's *home base* (**figure 1**). To do this a player simply moves a *ship* counter **exactly** onto the *star*, using the appropriate *movement* card.

c) Attempting to *attack* an opponent. This can be done when a player's *ship* counter is one or two squares from an opponent (not diagonally), with an unobstructed view. The attacker must tell the defending player of the intention to *attack*, and if the attacking *ship* is in a position where it can *attack* more than one defending *ship*, the attacking player states which *ship* is being attacked. The attacker can only *attack* **once** in each turn, irrespective of how many defending *ships* are in range.

To discover the results of the attack, the attacking player turns over the topmost *combat* card. A 9, 10 or Jack (Knave) indicates a miss, in which both counters remain in the same position. A Queen or King indicates a *hit*, and the stricken *ship* must then be removed from the board. It cannot be replaced.

There is no requirement to *attack* another player's *ships*, and the game will be made more interesting by the making and breaking of pacts, alliances and truces between various players.

d) Collecting an occupied star. This is achieved by successfully *attacking* another player's *ship* while it is in possession of a *star*. The procedure for combat is followed as above, but in this case, if the attack is successful, when the defender's *ship* is removed from play, the *star* is transferred to the attacker's *ship*.

Players who cannot move because all their *movement* cards are too high, or because all their *ships* are blocked, miss a turn. Instead of moving, such a player should count the unusable cards, and return these to the used pile of *movement* cards. These are shuffled, and the player, at random, selects a number of cards equal to that replaced in the used pile. Cards may not be swapped in this fashion unless the player is unable to move.

When players have played all sixteen *movement* cards from their hands, they may take 16 *movement* cards, as in **Preparation, 2** above.

The game is over when the first star is returned to the *home base*. The player who achieves this, by moving a *ship* counter exactly onto the *home base* square, is the winner.

Special Tactics:

It is permissable to block a player by positioning a *ship* counter at one of the four corners. This action can have one or more of the following effects:

a) It can prevent access to the *star* at that corner.
b) It can prevent entry to the board from the *home base* for the player who uses that corner.
c) It can prevent the return of a captured *star* to the *home base* of the player who uses that corner.

Players cannot *attack* from the *home base*, or from the start square of the *star* in each corner. Therefore, blocking manoeuvres, as described above, can only be ended by blocking players moving the *ship* counter of their own accord, or by a successful *attack* from another *ship*. Should the situation arise whereby one player has managed to seal off all the remaining *ships* of his opponents, and has captured a *star*, then it may be safely assumed that that player is the winner....

Six-sided dice may be substituted for the *combat* cards in the basic game, and in the following variations, in which case it is recommended that 1, 2 or 3 indicate a miss, and 4 and 5 indicate the destruction of the defending *ship* as before, while a 6 indicates a hit, but not the destruction of the defending *ship*. In this case it is returned to its *home base* and may re-enter play.

SCARLOTTI VARIANTS

1) **Two-Player SCARLOTTI.** Play with 8 counters per player instead of 4.

2) **One Star SCARLOTTI.** Instead of four *stars*, use only one. This should be set up in the centre of the board, equally accessible to all. Otherwise this game is identical to the original.

3) **Cheat SCARLOTTI.** The *movement* cards are placed face down when used, and players have to declare which card they are using. They are, of course, allowed to 'lie' about which card has been played. If a player is suspected of laying down a different card to that declared, another player may *challenge* to see proof of the declaration. The last card (and only the last) is turned over and checked. If the moving player is found to have been guilty of deception, then the *ship(s)* for which the card was played must be returned at once to *home base*. If the *ship(s)* were carrying a *star*, this is left on the square vacated by the moving player. However, should the moving player be proved innocent, one of the accuser's *ships* (chosen by the moving player), is returned to base, with the proviso that if it was carrying a *star*, this gets left behind. It is possible to make this version even more interesting. Every third time a player gets caught cheating, or falsely accusing, the *ship* disappears altogether....

4) **Starburst SCARLOTTI.** Played as the original, with the difference that counters may be stacked (up to four deep, or five including a captured *star*) on a particular square. In this state they can move at the same time with the same *movement* card, in the same direction. It is possible to split the stack before movement, in which case part of the stack would move the distance indicated on the *movement* card, while the rest would remain on the square previously occupied.

5) Or try any combination of the above. The following illustrations and diagrams are from a game of **Two-Player, One Star, Starburst SCARLOTTI!**

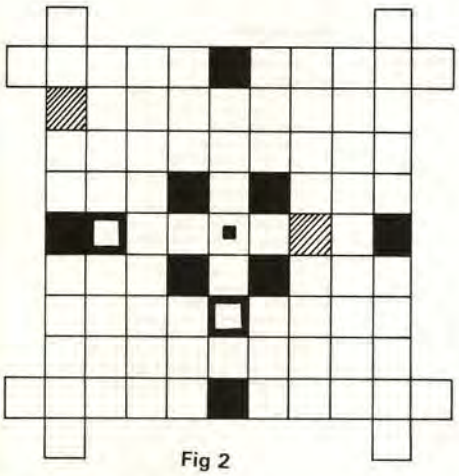

Fig 2

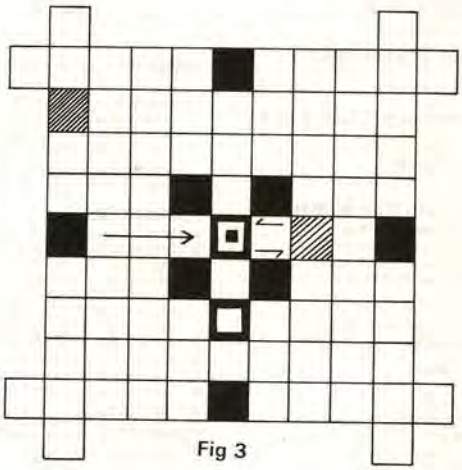

Fig 3

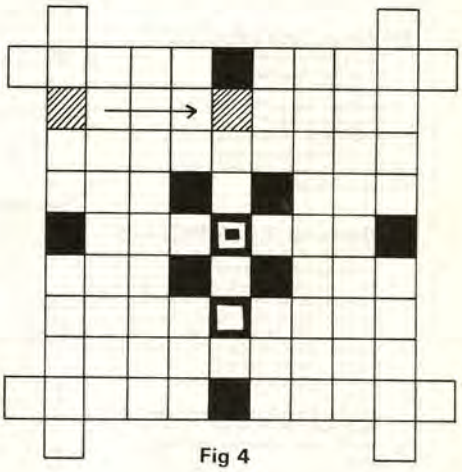

Fig 4

*As an example, two players are in the position shown (**figure 2**), each with one stack of four counters and a single counter.*

*Player A moves first. The **star** is unattended, but Player B might leap onto it at any moment, so A plays a 'three' and moves his stack onto the star. Seeing this, Player B **attacks**, but draws a 'nine', indicating a miss. (If it had been a hit, only one **ship** would have been removed, although there is probably another variant whereby the whole stack would have been destroyed!). Player A makes an attack in turn, turns up a King, and removes B's **ship** from the board (**figure 3**).*

*In an attempt to block A, Player B moves half his stack, playing a 'four' **movement** card (**figure 4**).*

*Player A initiates a **Starburst** move – a special move for this variant which can be made anywhere on the board, providing that there are four **ships** in a stack (the presence of a **star** does not affect this move) and the squares are clear in all directions to the limit of the **movement** card played. The maximum possible move is a 'three', but in this instance (**figure 5**), the presence of the B stack 'north' of Player A's **ships** limits it to 'two'. The four ships 'scatter' in all four directions, the distance determined by the **movement** card.*

Terry Greer

Thanks to Gary Miller, Geoff Nicklin, Andy Raynor, Terry Hornsey and all the others at London Zoo who helped with the development of this game when it was just a board and a set of 'Lego' bricks....

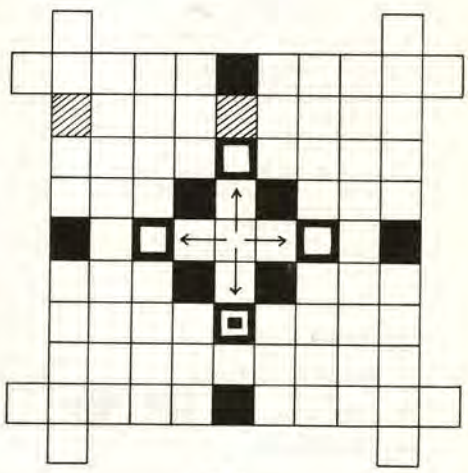

Fig 5

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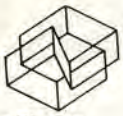

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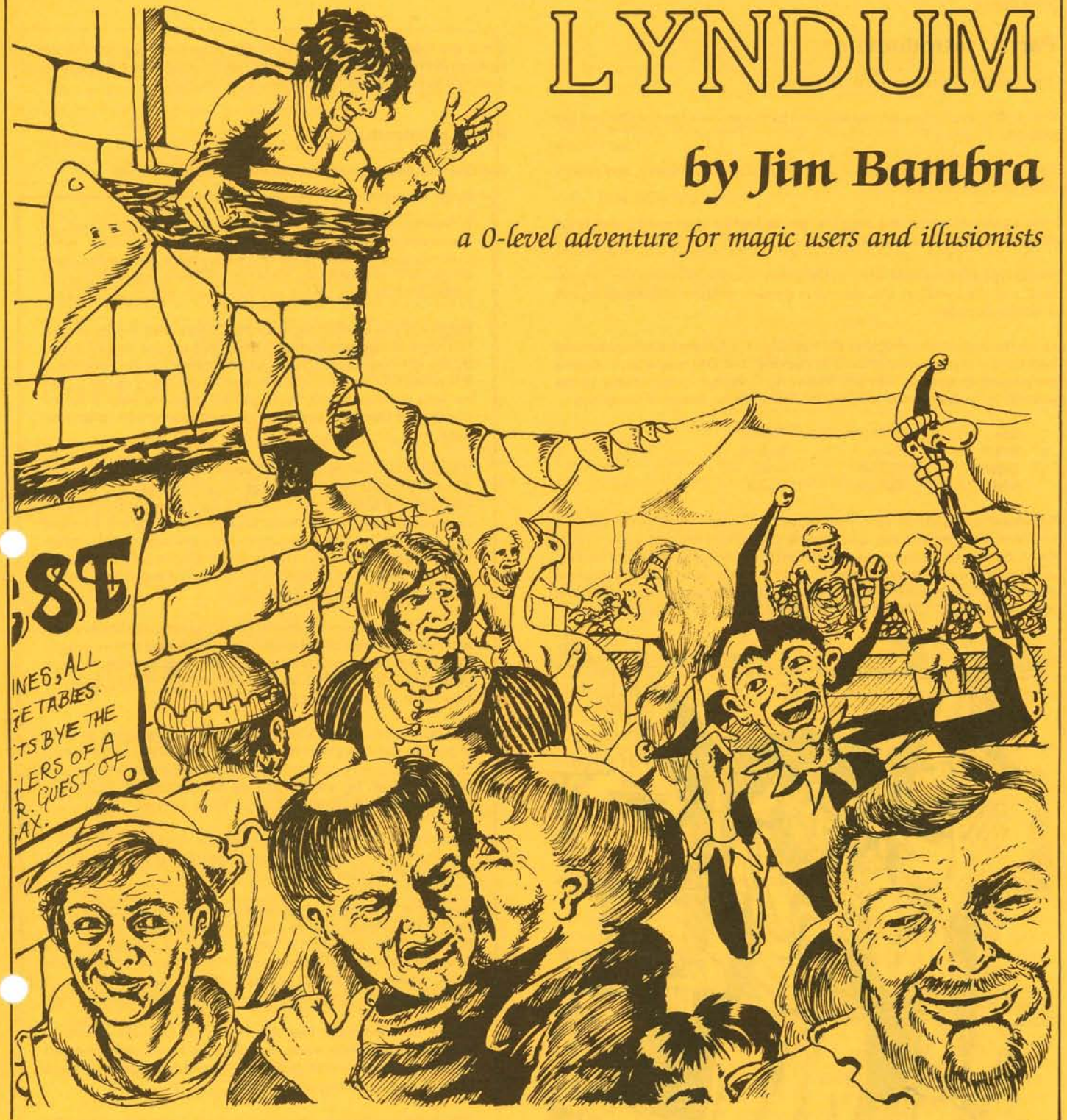
LYNDUM

by Jim Bambra

a 0-level adventure for magic users and illusionists



This mini-module is for use with the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game rules. It is specifically designed to serve as introduction to Cantrips, the new magic user and illusionist spells. Full details of the Cantrips have been published in this and the preceding issue of IMAGINE™ magazine, and details of their use can be found on page 10.

This adventure differs from a normal AD&D™ adventure in a number of ways. It is for magic users and illusionists who are assumed to be still serving their apprenticeships, and as a consequence the characters are very weak. They have no real offensive magic available, and do not have any normal back up in the shape of a well-rounded party including Clerics and Fighters to help them. Furthermore, there are no experience points to be earned, as the characters are not yet of high enough level to have earned them.

The adventure is suitable for 3-6 magic user or illusionist characters before they have risen to the heights of power as Prestidigitators. These characters should be generated as though they are standard, first level types, but they do not receive their first level spells or starting money. Characters can be of any non-evil alignment desired.

Throughout the mini-module descriptions of Non-Player Characters (NPCs) and their statistics have been standardised. The information given in brackets after the NPC's name, and the abbreviations used, are as follows:

Armour Class (AC); Movement Rate (MV); Class/Level; hit points (hp); Number of Attacks (# AT); Damage caused by attacks (D); any other relevant notes, eg Special Attacks (SA), Special Defences (SD).

STOP! If you plan to play in this mini-module please stop reading here. The rest of the information is for the Dungeon Master (DM) only. Knowledge of the details of the adventure will spoil the game for all concerned.

Part 1: Introduction.

The module is divided into three sections:

Part 1 (this section) is an introduction to the module for the DM and the players.

Part 2 describes the village of Lyndum and its inhabitants, and details most of the adventure.

Part 3 gives details of the beggars' house and an afterword giving hints for the DM and other notes.

Two maps are provided. The first of these is a map showing the general layout of the Lyndum, the second is a much smaller map detailing the beggars' cottage.

Once the apprentice magic users have been generated, the number and types of cantrips known should be decided. The DM may wish to do this personally to ensure that the following Cantrips — necessary to the adventure — are known (and in the apprentices' Books of Cantrips):

Bee	Scratch	Tweek
Belch	Sour	Unlock
Giggle	Spider	Wink
Nod	Sprout	Yawn

'Lyndum' is a module with little physical action. Most of the module involves problem solving, and finding useful and original ways to cast Cantrips. The main plot revolves around the solving of a series of riddles, and a — relatively simple — anagram. In order to move from the location of one riddle to the next the party will need to cast certain Cantrips to aid those Non-Player Characters (NPCs) who know the riddles.

Once the riddle-solving section of the adventure is over, the party is again presented with a problem which will require the casting of certain Cantrips to complete a task quickly and effectively.

Players' Introduction

The DM should read out the following at the start of play:

> It seems an eternity since your places as students at Markrand's School for Prospective Prestidigitators were purchased. Your first years of training here involved toil and drudgery — and precious little magic! There was nothing but endless floors to be swept, dishes to wash and clothes to iron.
>
> Regularly you worked hard during the day, only to stay up half the night struggling to master the minor magics taught to you by one of the junior teachers. As time passed you slowly learnt a few Useful Cantrips which made the drudgery easier — but no less boring. Finally, you gained mastery over a larger number of Cantrips and can now cast these with practised ease.
>
> It appears that the next stage of your training is about to begin. A small piece of parchment was left in your cell, summoning you to attend Markrand at noon. The parchment also bore a list of Cantrips, which 'you would be well advised to learn before you see me'. The note also told you to learn any other Cantrips you thought suitable, and to bring your Books of Cantrips with you. The parchment ended with Markrand's symbol, twelve stars surrounding a crescent moon.
>
> Putting on your best robes you climb the stairs to Markrand's workroom, a place about which you have heard only rumours. Before you can even knock on the door it is opened. A small green creature with too many teeth set in a broadly grinning face ushers you into the room.
>
> Sitting on a cushioned black marble chair is Markrand, looking imposing and every inch the powerful wizard you know him to be. His steely grey eyes examine you carefully before, with a small gesture, he invites you sit on a group of less-than-sumptuous cushions on the floor. You sit down.
>
> The green, toothy being brings a glass of wine for Markrand — you are not offered any — and then the great man leans forward and begins to speak:
>
> 'Welcome, my pupils. Your reports show that you have done well in the simple studies you have undertaken. It is almost time for you to begin studying more powerful magics. However, before we invest more time in your training you must prove yourselves worthy of the weighty title of Prestidigitators. To this end I have devised a small test for you.
>
> 'Close to the school lies the village of Lyndum. There, a number of problems await you. Solving these problems will require great wit — and should tax your knowledge of Cantrips to the full. Use these spells wisely.
>
> 'You have four days to complete the task. If you are successful your training will continue. Should you fail then the best you can hope for is a return to learning the noble self-discipline of manual labour.
>
> 'You have only your brains and Cantrips to help you. Good luck.'
>
> Markand makes a subtle gesture with his right hand and mumbles son. words in a tongue unknown to you. The workroom wavers and dissolves about you.

The list of Cantrips mentioned in the **Players Introduction** is that given earlier as the Cantrips necessary to the adventure.

The DM should also note that each character can only memorise four Cantrips per day. Once these have been used by the characters there is no method of learning more Cantrips until next day. The characters do have their Books of Cantrips (each can hold the details of up to 36 Cantrips) with them, but are barred from returning to the School for the duration of the test.

Part 2: The Village of Lyndum

Lyndum is a sprawling village situated in the middle of a fertile plain. It lies on the main trade route between the Guild Towns of Axeode and Charlet. Lyndum is a quiet town for most of the year, the monotony of village existence broken only by a number of irregular markets, when farmers from the surrounding lands come into the village to trade with an occasional merchant.

The town is governed by an oligarchy of five Elders, who sit in regular session in the village hall, to decide general policy, adjudicate disputes between villagers and dispense general justice. The Elders are also in charge of the village militia, a small force in which every able bodied adult is required to serve. The full militia is only ever called out in times of danger, but during markets and festivals several members of the militia (six on market days, eight on festival days) are sworn in as constables to maintain law and order.

To the east, and outside the village boundary, lies the Temple of Pstok the Protector, a Lawful Neutral deity. Clerics of Pstok are dedicated to the upholding of Lawful behaviour, almost regardless of justice. All villagers pay regular tithes to the Temple, on pain of swift retribution should a payment be missed. The Temple authorities send two clerics to administer a warning in the form of a beating. Anyone who fails to heed this 'warning' automatically loses the 'protection' of Pstok, and will find his or her home wrecked by a group of zealots. Surprisingly, the villagers accept this 'protection' as a natural part of their lives. Tithes are assessed as at least 10% of annual income (frequently more), but in turn the Temple clerics keep the village free of disease.

It is usually outsiders who fall foul of the Temple. They are often accosted by clerics seeking 'donations' for the Temple. See the **Planned Encounters** below for further details of a typical pair of donation seeking clerics.

Once a year, during the time of Richfest, Lyndum is the focal point for celebrations. People flock from outlying farms and hamlets to Lyndum to make merry and enjoy themselves during the six days around Midsummer Eve that constitute Richfest. During festival time the fields north of the village bear a colourful profusion of tents and makeshift shelters. Here the bulk of the visitors to Lyndum set up camp and live during the time of Richfest.

Non-Player Characters (NPCs) encountered in Lyndum are generally ordinary, non-adventuring folk. Most are of Lawful alignment by choice, and Lawful Neutral behaviour through prudence. These characters are nearly all Level 0 men and women, as defined in the section about 'Typical Inhabitants' on p88 of the **Dungeon Masters Guide**. For convenience this table is reproduced below:

General Classification	Hit Points	Combat Ability
sedentary females	1-3	-3
sedentary males	1-4	-2
active females	1-4	-1
active males	2-5	0 level
labouring females	2-5	0 level
labouring males	2-7	0 level

Individually, the citizens of Lyndum avoid combat wherever possible, preferring to call on the militia rather than risk injury or death. Most, however, do carry a knife — equivalent of a dagger — hidden under their clothes or in a boot sheath, and are prepared to use it if necessary.

It is festival time when the apprentices arrive in Lyndum. Traders have set up stalls in the market place, and everyone is in good humour.

The only people not spreading joy and happiness at Richfest are the donation gatherers of Pstok the Protector....

Planned Encounters

The DM should ensure that the following encounters occur at various intervals during the first day of the apprentices' stay in Lyndum.

1. Two Clerics of Pstok the Protector (AC 8; MV 12"; Cleric 1; hp 5 each; # AT 1; D 1-4; Alignment LN). These clerics wear padded armour under their brown robes, and openly carry short truncheons (which do 1-4 points of subdual damage) at the ready. They will approach one member of the party and request a donation to the Temple. If a coin, either gold, electrum or silver, is handed over, the clerics will favour the character with a gesture of grace and move away.

Refusal to pay, or a donation with a value of 10 copper pieces (cp) or less, will be taken as an insult. The clerics will demand a donation while slapping the palms of their hands with the truncheons. If they are not paid in gold, electrum or silver they will attack causing 1-4 points of subdual damage until the victim is unconscious. The luckless and insensible 'benefactor' is then searched for a larger donation and left to recover on his or her own. Unconscious characters regain 1hp per round.

Any village dweller witnessing the Clerics beating a reluctant 'son of the Temple' will ignore the scene and act as though nothing is happening.

This encounter should occur after the apprentices have been in Lyndum for about an hour. It will take place somewhere outside, not in a building. After the Clerics have asked the party for a donation, they will be spotted at various times around the village market place and going through a similar procedure with other 'keen benefactors'.

2. Elik the beggar (AC 10; MV 6"; Sedentary, -2 combat ability; hp 2; # AT 1; D 1-2; Alignment N) will hobble up to the apprentices and thrust a greasy wooden begging bowl at them. Elik has a withered right leg, and uses a crutch for support. He also uses this to attack people should this ever prove necessary — doing 1-2 points of subdual damage with it. He is dirty and unkempt, his black hair hangs in a greasy mess from his head and he will smile showing his two teeth (both still his own!) in a broad grin. If any of the apprentices give him money he will ask for more from the others until he is threatened or driven away.

   Elik should be encountered after the Clerics of Pstok. After he has approached the party once, Elik will be found begging around the edge of the market and the Common until 4pm when he will return to his home (the house on Western hill).

3. Clancy the Thief (AC 6; MV 12"; Thief 1; # AT 1; D 1-4; Alignment N; S 8, I 14, W 7, D 16, C 10, Ch 15; Pick Pockets 30%, Move Silently 15%, Hide In Shadows 10%, Climb Walls 85%) will attempt to pick an apprentice's pocket and melt back into the crowd. If discovered he will attempt to flee. If cornered he will throw two of his three daggers and engage in melee with the third.

   Clancy will begin watching the apprentices when they first enter the market, and will make his move at what he judges an opportune moment. He will wait until the apprentices are engaged in some other activity, eg dealing with Elik or one of the stallholders. Exactly when he will try and pick a pocket is left to the DM's discretion.

Key to Lyndum

Interior maps for the buildings of Lyndum are not provided. Many of the building descriptions do, however, contain information about interiors. If the players require more information than is provided, the DM should either elaborate upon a provided description or create a suitable one where none is provided.

1. The Hut

The DM should read the following to the players:

> You find youselves sitting in wooden hut. Although transported here by Markrand's magic, he did not see fit to send his cushions with you.
>
> The hut is obviously a storeroom for a carpenter or cabinet maker. Sawdust covers the floor, and lengths of wood, buckets, and ropes are stacked against the walls. A saw lies on the floor. In one corner stands an old barrel half covered by a dirty tarpaulin.
>
> Human voices can be heard outside the hut. Light filters in through a crack in the roof and around the door surround.

The hut is used as a store by the carpenter Denholm Likton (see 5 below). The materials are kept here to repair the well's winch mechanism (see 2 below). If the barrel or tarpaulin are moved a normal rat will quickly dart down a hole in the floor and make good its escape.

The barrel contains a 30' length of rope, a leather pouch which needs its stitching repaired, two staves, four daggers, two purses containing 40sp and 28gp respectively and a scrap of parchment bearing the following verse:

I'm called by the name of man,
Yet am as little as a mouse.
When winter comes I have to be,
With my red target near the house.

This riddle has the answer 'Robin Red-breast' and refers to the 'Red Robin' Inn of Lyndum, indicating that the apprentices should make for there for further information about their task.

The door has a lock which opens easily from the inside, but requires a key to open from the outside. Once the apprentices leave, the only way they can get back in without the key (which is in the possession of Denholm Likton) is to break the door down.

2. The Well

This paved area is the centre of the village, and at the centre of the paving stands the village well. When the apprentices arrive the area will be quite busy, with three women (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, -1 combat ability; hp 2 each; # AT nil; D nil) and two men (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, 0-level; hp 3 each; # AT 1; D 1-4) taking turns at the well to fill their buckets. After about 15 minutes or so the area around the well will be deserted. Most people will be at their businesses, at the market (Area 4) or on the Common (area 6).

If the apprentices wait they will be able to leave the hut unnoticed. However, if they come out in full view of the people at the well they will draw enquiring glances and be questioned about what they were doing in Denholm Likton's hut. If their answers are not convincing — and the truth will not be convincing to these simple village folk — one of the villagers will go to fetch the militia constables. See The Militia Hall (15, below) for further details if this should happen.

3. The 'Red Robin' Inn

The 'Red Robin' is one of the largest, and best constructed, buildings in Lyndum. The landlord, Staylon Broadbelly (AC 10; MV 9"; Magic User 1; hp 3; # AT 1; D 1-6; Alignment NG; Spell: Sleep), will call the apprentices into the bar and offer them a drink on the house. He will engage the party in idle conversation for a while before asking a favour.

He is worried about Churner Loudrum (see 4a below), who has been pestering his daughter, Allel, for the past two weeks. Allel has turned down all Churner's advances, but this has not deterred him. Staylon would be very pleased if the apprentices could do something to Churner, and will hint that he can help them in return.

He knows of Markrand and the main task that the party has been set, and is, in fact, part of it. Staylon will not divulge any information until the adventurers have completed his small task, and answered this riddle:

I know a word of letters three
Add two and fewer there will be.

The answer is 'Few'. Once the apprentices have given him this answer, Staylon will hand them an envelope containing playing card sized piece of parchment and a wood shaving. One side of the card bears a motif of a crescent moon surrounded by twelve stars (Markrand's symbol), and the other side is blank. The contents of the envelope serve four purposes. The wood shaving is a clue as to who the apprentices should see next —the carpenter, Denholm Likton. The card serves three purposes: it will identify the party to Denholm, it hints that there is an extra word before the anagram that has to be solved as part of the test, and if the card is placed in the iron egg of the blacksmith (see 10 below) a **magic mouth** spell will be activated.

After giving them the card and wishing them luck, Staylon will tell the apprentices that their rooms will be waiting for them. The rooms have been paid for by Markrand, but everything else must be bought by the apprentices at standard **Players Handbook** rates.

4. The Market Place

Throughout the day this is the busiest part of Lyndum. Twelve colourful stalls are set up here, with all the stallholders loudly pushing their wares. There are also one or two hawkers, generally adding to the level of commercial noise. In one corner of the market sits a rather shabby figure, who will approach the apprentices as soon as he spots them.

The beggar, Salk (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, Level 0; hp 5, # AT nil; D nil; Alignment N), will attempt to beg money from the apprentices. Although he lives with Elik, Salk is less successful as a beggar and will stop begging from the party after one attempt, whether or not he gets any money. He will never be encountered begging anywhere other than the market, and will return home at 4pm to count the day's takings with Elik.

The Stalls and their Holders
Unless noted otherwise all the stallholders have the same statistics (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, Level 0; hp as below; # AT 1; D 1-4; Alignment LG/LN/NG).

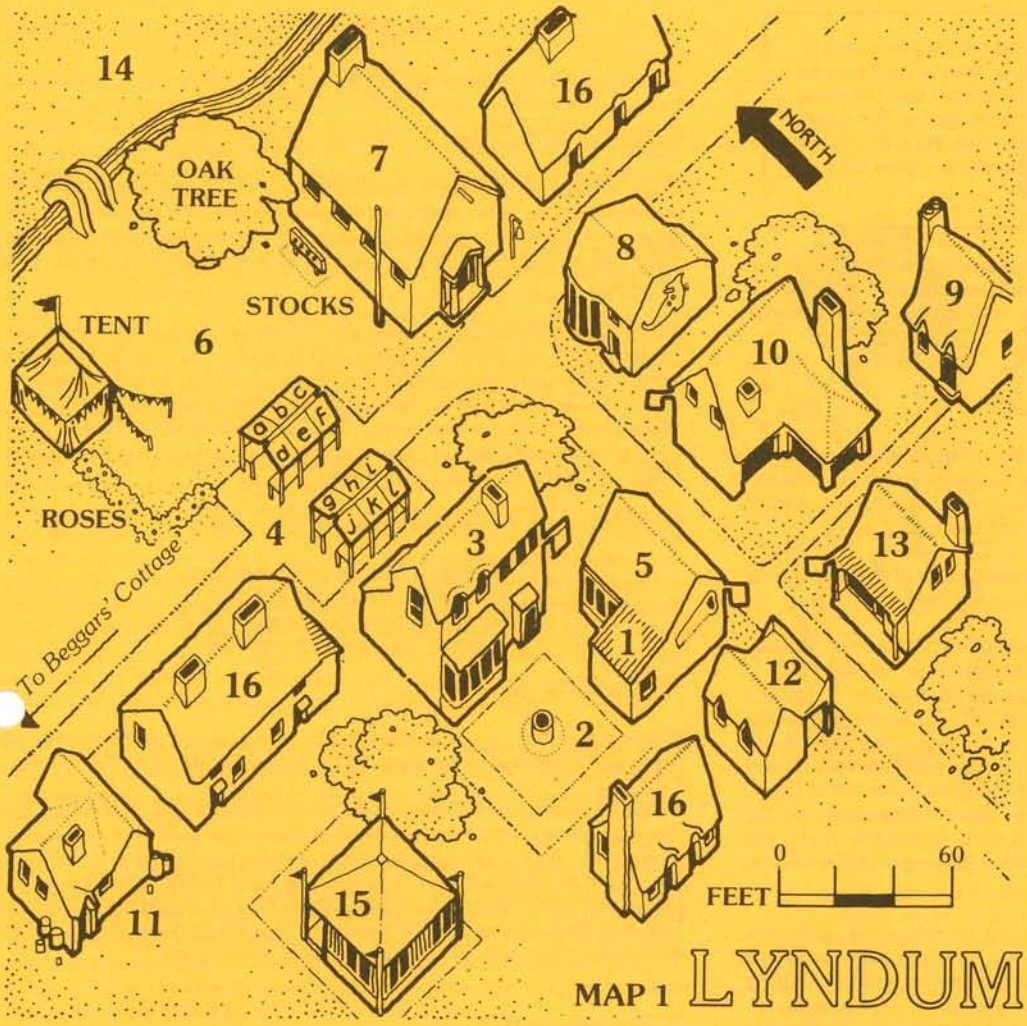
The stalls are also basically similar, each consisting of a four foot by eight foot table protected from the elements by an awning. The awning covers the table and a space behind where the vendors sit.

4a. Milk and Butter
Churner Loudrum (hp 3) sells milk (1cp/pint) and butter (3cp/pound) from this stall. The milk and butter are stored in open wooden barrels on the table. A **sour** Cantrip cast on the milk will make it unsellable, and lead this large loudmouth into arguments with irate customers. Since it is unlikely that Churner will admit that he is wrong, it is quite likely that this will lead to the arrival of the constables.

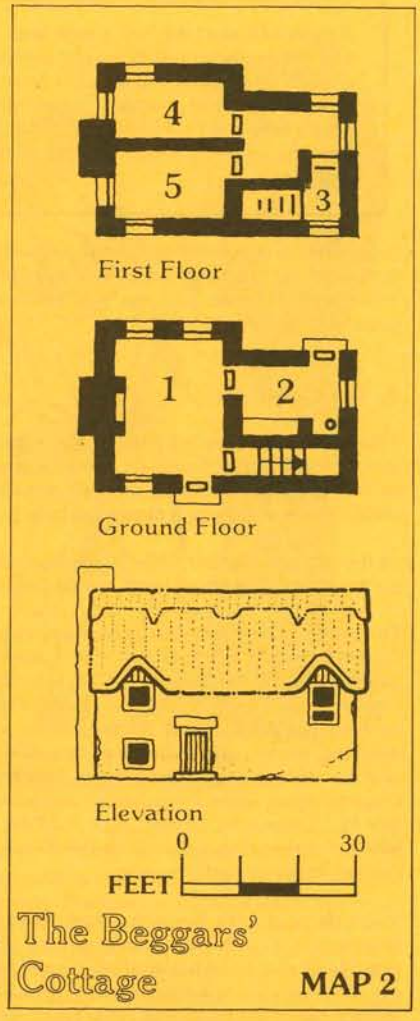
4b. Honey
Seta Sturnworth (MV 9"; Sedentary, -3 combat ability; hp 1) is a pleasant old woman who keeps bees. A stoneware jar of honey costs 5cp (plus a deposit of 3cp on the jar) and a piece of honeycomb costs 1sp. She knows all the other stallholders well, and will happily gossip about them at considerable length between customers.

4c. Vegetables
Dunger the Vague (hp 5) appears to be slow witted and dull. He wears a rather grubby white smock, and grins constantly. Dunger is cheery and good natured, but becomes confused when talking about anything other than gardening or shovels. He sells all commonly available summer vegetables at 1-3cp per pound (or what looks like a pound).

4d. Cheese
Ewart Fairblown (MV 6" when drunk; hp 3) sells three types of local cheese: Lyndum White (1sp/pound), Bluedon (15cp/pound) and Red Elser (11cp/pound). Between the hours of 11 am and 1 pm he will either be at the 'Red Robin' or the beer tent on the Common. While he is away his son Garold (hp 2) will tend the stall. In the afternoon Ewart will be visibly inebriated and will speak with a slur.



MAP 1 LYNDUM



The Beggars' Cottage MAP 2

4e. Fish
Throck Selsdon (hp 3) has a large selection of fresh water fish available at 3cp for carp up to 1gp for trout. His stall is extremely smelly, and attracts a large number of flies, which Throck continually swats with great enthusiasm.

4f. Linen and Cloaks
Herma Lynter (Active, -1 combat ability; hp 2) sells linen at 1sp per yard ('any colour you want as long as its white') and made-up cloaks at 3sp-1gp depending on colour and quality. They vary from plain and rough to brightly dyed good quality material.

4g. Hats
Wilma Wimple (Sedentary, -3 combat ability; hp 2) sells all mannner of hats and caps, varying in price from 1sp to 1gp. Her 1gp hats are adorned with feathers and finished with a silver buckle.

4h. Bread
Towson Fagge (hp 2) sells loaves at 1cp for wholemeal and 2cp for granary. He can be a tremendous bore when engaged in conversation, since he will inevitably start talking about the beneficial effects of 'healthy' bread.

4i. Ribbons, Robes and Shirts
Snider the Contemptible (hp 4) has a long pointed nose with a large wart on the end of it. His eyes are close set and watery, and his image is further enhanced by his skinny body and personality and his squeaky voice. Most of the villagers would rejoice quite openly if some 'accident' were to befall him.

Snider's prices vary depending on the customer. Peasants can purchase items from his stall fairly cheaply (1cp for ribbons, 3cp for shirts and 3-9cp for robes). To anyone else these prices are in silver or gold. If anyone questions this pricing policy Snider will wail on about his ten children and aged mother. He is actually a solitary bachelor.

He will not, however, let anyone walk away from his stall without buying anything. If he has to he will drop his prices, complaining all the time about 'starving infants'. On no account will he reduce his prices below the level charged to peasants.

4j. Fruit
Halvard Snubnose (hp 2; Alignment CN) is very sensitive about his nose, and any comments about it will send him into a rage. He will yell obscenities, but will stop short of physical violence unless attacked first. Most summer season fruits are available at 2-6cp per pound.

4k. Leather Goods
Wrinkly Wakeman (hp 2) sells all kinds of leatherware from bottles to boots. Prices are: boots — as the **Players Handbook**, belts — 2sp-1gp (depending on decoration and quality), bottles — 1gp, backpacks — as **Players Handbook**, map cases — 15sp, wristbands 1sp, whips 25cp-25gp (depending on the number of thongs and the workmanship).

4l. Sweets
Brenda the Bulky (Sedentary, -3 combat ability; hp 3) is of tremendous size. She makes excellent sweets and eats far too many for her own good. She is very friendly and will engage in meaningless social pleasantries with most of her customers. Her smile is off-putting as all her teeth are rotten. She charges 1-5cp for a bag of sweets.

Every so often, three or four of the stallholders will gather together to share their experiences, or to barter goods. These gatherings cannot be interrupted, and the apprentices may find themselves waiting to talk to a particular individual.

5. The Carpenter

Inside the carpentry shop, the party will see a painfully thin man sawing a piece of wood in two. This is Denholm Likton (AC 10; MV 6; Active, Level 0; hp 1; # AT nil; D nil), the village carpenter.

When he was young Denholm suffered from fever and, although cured by the Clerics of Pstok, it left its mark upon him. He is thin and bow-legged, and somewhat hesitant in his movements.

If Denholm is shown the card with Markrand's symbol on it he will stop work and offer the apprentices a seat. Denholm will look thoughtful and more than slightly embarrassed. While continually fiddling with his fingers he will tell the party the following tale:

> As you can see I am not a well man. As a child I was very ill, and the Protector cured me of the disease, but the damage had already been done. All my life I have been the object of many cruel jokes, most of which I have learned to ignore. But, there is one who goes out of his way to torment me. He is Bruno the Ox, a strongman. If you would embarrass the swine for me I will aid you.

Bruno the Ox is currently putting on shows of strength and daring on the Common. He is easily recognised by his bald head and bulging thews. The carpenter will ask the apprentices to accompany him to the Common.

6. The Common

This large grass area is a popular place during holiday and festival times. In the centre of the Common stands a blue and yellow tent surrounded by halflings, gnomes and men all drinking from tankards. A group of children are watching a clown perform by the oak tree.

To the north, the small, clear stream is crossed by a small footbridge, and on the other side small tents are dotted around a field.

The tent is a beer tent run by Mangey Potswiller (AC 10; MV 9"; Active, Level 0; hp 3; # AT 1; D 1-4). His customers are four halflings (AC 7; MV 9"; Level 0; hp 3 each; # AT 1; D 1-4), three gnomes (AC 5; MV 6"; Fighter 1; hp 5 each; # AT 1; D 1-4) and 7 men (AC 10; Labouring, level 0; hp 6 each; # AT 1; D1-4). All are armed with daggers. They are happily drinking, enjoying the sunshine and watching the entertainment. They will be very friendly should the apprentices join them for a drink. Depending on when the party arrives either Tyso the Fire-eater (AC 10; MV 12"; Labouring, Level 0; hp 6; # AT nil; D nil) or Bruno the Ox (AC 10; MV 12"; Labouring, Level 0; hp 7; # AT nil; D nil; Strength 18/00) will be getting ready to perform next.

If the party is with Denholm then Bruno will be limbering up for his strongman act. Bruno is over-proud of his strength and considers everybody else to be his inferior. He will make a special point of singling out Denholm for attention by calling out 'Hello Stickman. Come to see what a real man looks like have you?' He will then laugh uproariously while Denholm reddens and mutters under his breath.

Bruno's act is a typical strongman's show. He will bend bars and lift people and great weights, interspersed with muscle flexing and posing. A number of Cantrips will work well on him while he is lifting weights. **Scratch** will cause him to drop any weights he is holding doing 1-6 points of damage to himself. **Bee** and **Spider** will have similar results.

Once Bruno has been dealt with, Denholm will laugh until he cries. He will need reminding of his offer of aid before he will say the following:

A riddle, a riddle
As I suppose
A hundred eyes
And never a nose.

The answer to this riddle is 'sieve' or 'riddle'.

Once answered correctly Denholm will hand the party another envelope. Inside is another card bearing Markrand's emblem. On the reverse of the card is the word 'HERO' in red ink. Denholm will then point out an old man near a bed of roses and return to work, still chuckling.

When approached the old man will introduce himself as Benbo the gardener (AC 10; MV 6"; Active, Level 0; hp 2; # AT 1; D 1-4). He will show them a withered rose bush and explain that he has been unable to make it flower, and that he had had great hopes of winning the Lyndum 'Best Garden' competition, which is due to be judged by the Elders in three days time. If a **sprout** Cantrip is cast upon the bush it will burst into bloom and Benbo will be very pleased....

He will then ask the party to answer another riddle:

Thomas a Tattamus took two tees,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!
Tell me how many 'T's are in that.

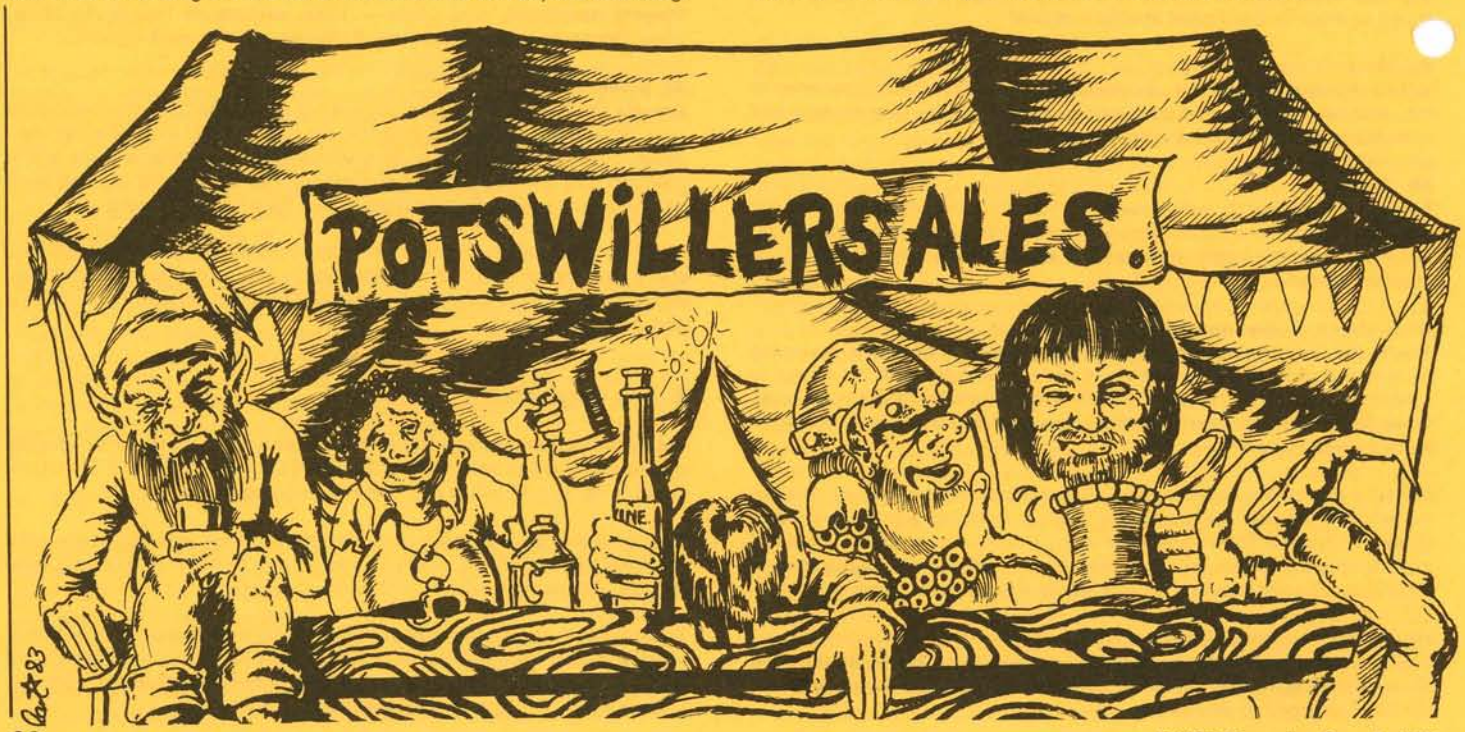
The answer is 'two'.

When given the correct answer Benbo will give the party another of Markrand's cards with the word 'HEW' written in red ink on the reverse.

Benbo expression will suddenly take on a thoughtful look, and he will tell the apprentices, with frequent signs of sincere sympathy, that the next person who was to have helped them is about to be tried by the village Elders for causing a brawl in which the local constabulary came off rather the worst. Benbo is of the opinion that he would be unlikely to help if found guilty and put in the stocks. The old man will then point to the Village Hall (Area 7), and tell the party to hurry up.

7. The Village Hall

This is the largest building in Lyndum, well constructed in stone and polished wood. New paint and whitewash gleams in the sunlight. The hall is slowly filling with people coming to watch the trial. The DM should feel free to elaborate upon the following description of the trial by having witnesses called to give evidence, the Elders or the Prosecutor (the man in black) question the prisoner, or members of the audience interfere. If the Prosecutor's case is made to look farcical by either the Prosecutor himself — or his witnesses — being the victim of **Giggle**, **Belch** or **Yawn** Cantrips the Elders will dismiss the case.



Inside the hall are a large number of people, half-filling the benches which face a raised wooden platform at one end of the hall. Sitting in comfortable looking chairs on the platform are five elderly men with bored expressions.

At the left end of the platform stands a man in chains, a large bruise under one eye.

As you come in a weasel-like man in black robes starts walking backwards and forwards in front of the platform, and begins to speak:

'The accused did wilfully attack and knock unconscious two constables called to a brawl started by the accused. Furthermore, the accused did break two chairs in the act of rendering the said constables unconscious, and was heard to say "Come on! I'll take the lot of you!". He was finally overcome and bound by the other six constables, four of whom are still recovering. And at considerable expense to the municipal funds I might add....'

Upon being released the man, Roderick (AC 4; MV 9"; Fighter 2; hp 13; # AT 1; D 1-8) will gather his chainmail armour and sword, then leave the Hall. If followed and stopped he will hand over another card with the word 'UNTIL'. He will then climb onto his horse, say the following riddle, and head out of Lyndum, going west:

Two brothers we are,
Great burdens we bear
On which we are bitterly pressed.
The truth is to say,
We are full all the day,
And empty when we go to rest.

The answer to this riddle is 'shoes', and indicates that the apprentices should visit the Shoemaker next.

8. The Shoemaker

Inside this shop, a figure with a hammer in his hand sits hunched over a last. As the apprentices enter the cobbler, Alton Cleardew (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, Level 0; hp 3; # AT nil; D nil), will turn and look at them, revealing a badly bruised face and a broken nose.

Alton is a newcomer to Lyndum. He recently refused to pay his tithes to the Temple of Pstok the Protector, claiming that Pstok was not his God. The Clerics responded in their accustomed fashion, and beat him with their truncheons. He has since paid up, but wishes to be revenged on the Clerics for their bullying ways. If the Clerics could be publicly humiliated....

The party will probably find that Personal Cantrips are ideal for this purpose. Once the Clerics have been successfully tormented, Alton will offer the following riddle:

Do as I say,
Don't do as I do.
Say boots without shoes

After Alton receives the correct answer — 'boots' — he will give the party another one of Markrand's cards. This one has the word 'THE' in red ink on the back. He will then direct them to the Widow's House (9).

9. The Widow's House

Outside this house is a group of twenty or so people, waiting for an auction to begin. Martha Mowbean (AC 10; MV 6"; Sedentary, -3 combat ability; hp 1; # AT nil; D nil) has recently been widowed, and is now auctioning off her house and its contents before going to live with her sister in Charlet.

She will call the party aside and explain that she wishes her necklace to make a good price. The necklace is worth 10gp, and bidding will start at 5gp and will rise 2-8gp more. Judicious use of **Cough, Nod, Scratch, Tweek** and **Wink** Cantrips will raise the bidding in 1gp increments.

Once the bidding is over Martha will give the party another card. This one bears the word 'LESSON' on the reverse. She will then speak the following riddle:

A shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all four elements put together,
Fire, Water, Earth, Air,
And every customer takes two pair.

The answer is 'blacksmith', which should lead the party to the next encounter.

10. The Blacksmith

In the smithy a large, bearded man is beating an iron bar with a hammer. He is Kern Gallowglass (AC 10; MV 12"; Labouring, Level 0; hp 7; # AT 1; D 1-4), the local blacksmith. As the apprentices enter he will greet them with the following riddle:

As I was going to Travise
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to Travise?

Upon being answered correctly — 'one' — Kern will take down an iron egg from a shelf, give it to the apprentices and return to his work.

The egg is 6" long and has a seam running all the way around it. Close inspection will reveal a keyhole at one end. The egg will open easily when an **Unlock** Cantrip is cast upon it.

Inside is yet another card bearing Markrand's symbol. On the same side is the word 'CLEAN'. The other side bears the legend:

—H— —O——— —N ——S———— ——L—. The cards collected up to this point are an anagram of 'THE HOUSE ON WESTERN HILL', and this last card is a broad hint that there is an anagram to be solved. The word 'CLEAN' on the other side of the card is the party's instructions as to what to do once they get to the house.

If the blank card is put inside the egg then a **magic mouth** spell will be activated. The mouth will repeat the word 'clean' 25 times.

If the party have not solved the anagram after a quarter of an hour the DM should help them by having more letters appear on the Blacksmith's card.

11. The Potter

The outside of this shop is festooned with clay pots and urns. Inside, the potter, Archie Cladbon (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, Level 0; hp 3; # AT 1; D 1-4) is turning a pot on a wheel. He makes various types of pot to order.

Archie is a friendly soul, and will offer the apprentices wine.

12. General Store

The Lyndum general store is run by Gerald Thirkins (AC 10; MV 12"; Sedentary, -2 combat ability; hp 2; # AT 1; D 1-4) and his wife, Nancy (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, -1 combat ability; hp 4; # AT 1; D 1-4). Most non-martial items from the **Players Handbook** equipment lists can be purchased here.

Cleaning equipment, such as brushes, costs 2-8cp.

13. Weaponsmith

Alic Jofson (AC 8; MV 12"; Labouring, Level 0; hp 6; # AT 1; D 1-4) specialises in the manufacture of pole arms, swords and daggers. All are available at **Players Handbook** prices.

14. The Campsite

This area north of the village is covered in brightly coloured tents, some 49 in all. There are also a couple of crude shelters scattered around the campsite, but for the most part all is clean and orderly.

The population level of this area depends upon the time of day. During daylight hours, the camp will be deserted except for a few dogs (AC 7;

MV 15"; HD 1+1; hp 7,5,4,3; # AT 1; D 1-4) and the pack leader, a war dog (AC 6; MV 12"; HD 2+2; hp 10; # AT 1; D 2-8). The dogs will growl and bark if the apprentices enter any tent. If this warning is ignored the dogs will attack.

If the party chooses to visit this area the DM will have to improvise.

15. Militia Hall

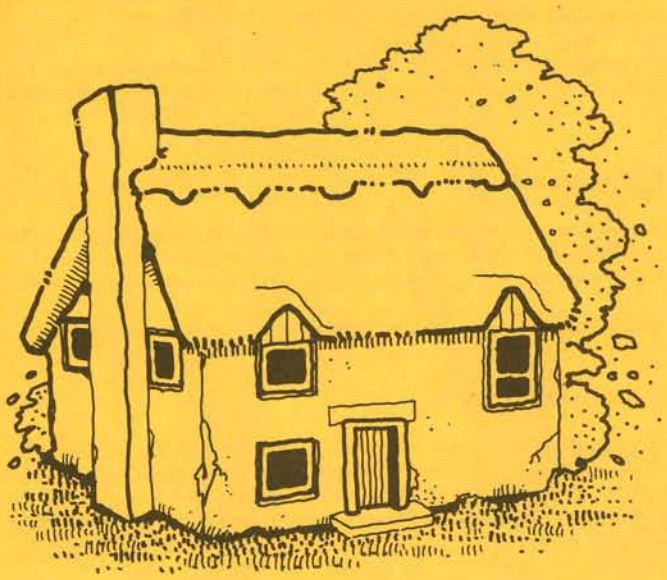
In front of this stone building stand a man and woman dressed in studded leather armour, armed with staves and shortswords. These two are militia constables (AC 7; MV 12"; Labouring, Level 0; hp 5 each; # AT 1; D by weapon type), who are distinctly bored with their duties. They will not prevent anyone entering the building, and if spoken to will be polite and friendly. Inside the building Sargeant Kratz (AC 7; MV 12"; Fighter 2; hp 12; # AT 1; D by weapon type) sits at a desk cleaning a longsword. This old campaigner is responsible for keeping order in Lyndum during Richfest. Keeping an eye on drunks is a bit of a comedown for him, although the brawl with Roderick did liven things up. At present four of his constables are recovering.

If the apprentices have been reported leaving the carpenter's hut (1, above) two militia constables — the ones on duty at the door — will be sent to bring them here. Kratz will interrogate them while he waits for the carpenter to arrive. Meanwhile, the carpenter will have checked his hut and will declare that nothing is missing. The apprentices will be warned not to get into any further trouble and released.

Should any members of the party manage to get themselves arrested again, Kratz will take a very dim view of the matter. He will lock them up and send them for trial by the Elders next morning. What happens next is up to the DM.

16. Residences

These buildings are people's homes. If asked about them the DM should give the party a simple description.



Part 3: The House on Western Hill

About a quarter of a mile away from Lyndum on the road leading west is a small house which gives every impression of being about to fall down. Although un-cared for, the building is structurally sound, just unkempt and filthy. This is the house that the apprentices have to clean, hopefully using their Cantrips to get the job done quickly, efficiently and properly.

A. The Living Room

The outside door is easily opened. This is a grubby room, with piles of rags in the corner. A dusty mirror hangs on one wall. Two faded armchairs are standing next to a small table covered with greasy bones. The bones are of a dead sheep which Elik and Salk found in a ditch.

Elik (AC 10; MV 6"; Sedentary, -2 combat ability; hp 2; # AT 1; D 1-2; Alignment N) and Salk (AC 10; MV 12"; Active, Level 0; hp 5, # AT nil; D nil; Alignment N) will be found here at all times except between the hours of 10 am and 4 pm when they will be practising the art of begging in and around Lyndum. (Their statistics are repeated here for the sake of convenience).

The beggars will attempt to scare the apprentices off, and if this fails they will attack. Elik will use his crutch, striking for 1-2 points of subdual damage, and Salk will use a dagger.

The beggars possess nothing of value. All the proceeds of their art are quickly turned into food and drink.

B. The Kitchen

This room is as filthy as the first. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling, and a cooking range is barely visible against one wall for all the rubbish piled against and over it. As the apprentices enter the room a large rat will dart across the floor and leave through a hole in the wall.

C. The Stairs and Bedrooms

The staircase is covered in dust, and creaks alarmingly when trodden on, although it is entirely safe. Upstairs the two bedrooms, each containing a bed, chest and wardrobe, are covered in a thick layer of dust and cobwebs.

Neither of the bedrooms contains anything of value.

Getting rid of the beggars should not be a problem. They could be driven out by Personal Cantrips, or scared away by Haunting or Illusionist Cantrips. Cleaning the house after they are gone should not take long, as Useful Cantrips are ideal for this. The party should be reminded about the windows by the DM as their filthy state is very obvious.

Afterword

LYNDUM has been designed to give players a mentally challenging adventure and the opportunity to have some fun with Cantrips. Statistics have been included for all major NPCs, but in most cases their personalities have only been briefly touched upon. It is up to the DM to inject real character into the NPCs to bring the module to life. Bring your role-playing skills to the fore and ham it up!

The adventure initially depends upon a great deal of riddle solving. Allow the apprentices as many guesses as they want, even though this will make some of the riddles very easy to get. If the party wants the answer, the person setting the riddle will give it, but will then ask another riddle. The DM can use his or her own favourites, or those given below:

Thirty white horses
Upon a red hill,
Now they tramp,
Now they champ,
Now they stand still.

Answer 'teeth'.

Khazadum is a very long word.
Spell it.
Answer 'i,t'.

Red, blue, black and green.
Which came first?
Answer 'red'.

Staylon Broadbelly knows exactly what is going on. If the party cannot work out the references to the shoemaker or the blacksmith by the end of the second day he will supply the answers. He will take an interest in the apprentices' progress, questioning them when they return to the inn. All other characters have been charmed by Markrand and know only what they tell the party.

Four days have been allowed to fulfil the task in order to allow the apprentices to create their own adventures. They could choose to be annoying to local traders, to hold a children's party on the Common featuring magic shows or anything else that occurs to them. The DM should encourage players to explore possible uses of Cantrips, and create further situations for them to do so.

Credits

Text, original spelling: Jim Bambra
Change Text Cantrip: Mike Brunton
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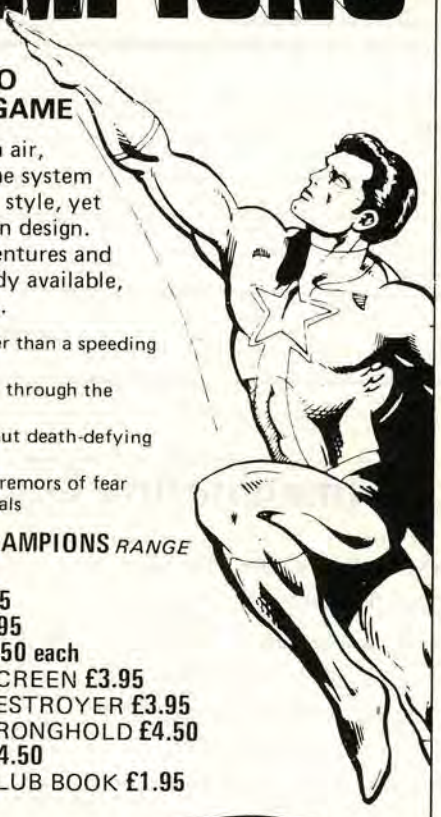

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D&D® PLAYERS ASSOCIATION NEWS

THE NEWSLETTER
OF THE BRITISH
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PLAYERS ASSOCIATION

PAN PIPINGS

Ho! Ho! Ho!... Ding Dong Merrily... Jingle Bells...

The season of goodwill to all persons, general jollification and turkey approaches once again. Hang up the mistletoe, the holly and the stockings. Lay in enough food and drink to sustain a Roman Legion. Prepare to brave the BBC repeating *The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Singin' in the Rain* and a Jack Lemmon/Woody Allen/Uncle Tom Cobley 'n' all retrospective of films.

After being told that there are only 49, 48, 47 shopping days to go, Christmas has arrived. Stuffed to bursting with turkey (and enough for 27 more meals on the hapless bird's carcass), gamers up and down the Realm will be faced with an interesting situation. Mellowed by the milk of human kindness, turkey sandwiches and a realisation that they only have to humour the loony in the family once a year, relatives, girl (or boy) friends, visitors et al will emerge from their digestive trance and utter the immortal words: 'Ere. What's this daft game you play, Dragons and Dungeons?'

'Gadzooks,' thinks the noble gamer, 'They are interested.' Fighting back a rebellion of the turkey meatloaf, he or she begins to speak. Carefully the nuances of character class, dice, dungeon settings, and experience points are explained. The delights of spell casting, combat and monsters are gone into, the rules carefully defined.

Then comes the game. Predictably, and despite the kindest of DM-ing, they all die in the first room, slain by incomprehension and indigestion (brought on by turkey curry and sherry trifle).

'And THAT'S how you spend your time! Huh! Still, your Uncle Cecil was a bit strange as well.'

Saddened, the gamer sinks back into PBDD (Post Boxing Day Depression).

Just think for one moment. Christmas for a game player may not be perfect — ten pairs of socks, two (identical) ties and a Barry Manilow album are not ideal presents to give or receive — but what is it like for a character in the game world?

For a start it is probably too cold to go adventuring, the roads will be frozen, the dragons (well, the pretty red ones), trolls and other innocent creatures will be hibernating and the dungeons shut for repair during the off-season. Characters will be reduced to sitting round the tavern fire, telling tall stories of the modules they have braved and the fearsome DMs they have outwitted.

And then comes the Feast of Sun Return...

Characters realise with desperation that there are only 37, 36, 35 more raiding days to go. Tons of mistletoe are collected from the local druids, holly and orc-heads are hung in profusion to brighten up the old castle. The local bards and jesters start repeating the same old jokes. And finally, enough food and drink is laid in to sustain the Legions of Hell (who may, after all, be calling round).

After stuffing themselves to the point of bursting with roast wyvern, boiled wyvern, wyvern sandwiches, wyvern meatloaf and wyvern curry, the relatives, visitors, girl (or boy) friends and assorted hangers-on lean across and ask the immortal question: 'Ere. What's this adventuring lark you go in for then?'

Pausing only to collect the ten pairs of chainmail socks, the two (identical) knitted mace covers and the Smaug album, the gallant character rushes off into the winter evening — to hibernate with the people who understand: the dragons, the trolls and the innocent creatures of the dungeon.

Merry Christmas/Feast of Sun Return!

Mike Brunton

DISPEL CONFUSION

Dispel Confusion is a question and answer column intended to help hobby gamers overcome problems they have had with game rules.

At present, we can in general only help with games produced by TSR; while our answers may not be completely 'official', we have contact with the designers themselves. In future, we hope to get answers from those who design other games.

For interesting answers, we first need good questions – so send your queries to: ***Players Association (Dispel Confusion), TSR UK Ltd, The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD.***

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® and ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® games

Q. Can elven thieves use bows? (Adv)

A. No. Despite the fact that elves are traditionally master bowmen, an elven thief is limited by the restrictions of class, in addition to those of race.

Q. If a monster in flight is attacking characters on the ground, is there a modification to its armour class as stated in the Monster Manuals or FIEND FOLIO™ Tome? (Adv)

A. No. Unless specifically stated otherwise, a flying monster's armour class does not vary because it is flying into the attack.

Flying, of course, does affect combat in other ways — the 'flesh to stone' power of a cockatrice is particularly deadly when used in aerial fights (its victims tend to fall rapidly to the ground and shatter) or if the cockatrice is approaching a ground opponent at 18" per melee round.

Q. If someone or something entered **Daern's Instant Fortress**, and the command to shrink was given, would those inside take 10-100 hit points of damage, die, or cause the command to malfunction and thus be safe? (Adv)

A. The description of this magic item in the **DMG** (p142) makes no mention of what happens in this case. However, nearby people must be careful when the thing expands or they take 10-100 damage, so it seems perfectly reasonable for the equivalent to happen if someone is caught within the Fortress when it shrinks.

Q. Why can elves not be raised from the dead or resurrected by a cleric? (Adv)

A. We suggest that it may be linked to their enormously long lifespans (1500-2000 years) as compared to other intelligent species (at most 500 years). A creature with such a long lifespan may not cling to life in the same way as other beings; or perhaps elves do not have the right mental attitudes to allow them to return from the dead — they are, after all, supposed to be merry, carefree folk. Permanent death could be seen as one of the costs of having such a good life.

If nothing else, the inability of elves to return from the dead does provide a degree of game balance when considered in the light of their other abilities.

Q. Please clarify the ruling that a spetum can disarm an opponent on the equivalent of a 'to hit AC 8' roll. Does this mean that a lowly orc can disarm a 20th level paladin with a Holy Avenger if he rolls an 11? Does the weapon still do damage if it is used to disarm an opponent? (Adv)

A. We suggest that the orc with a spetum could disarm an opponent if he managed to make the appropriate 'to hit' roll.

However, it seems fair to allow the paladin in the example a bonus because of his magical weaponry. The score required should be adjusted upwards for each magical plus of the weapon in question. If the orc does manage to get a lucky hit then the paladin will be disarmed. The paladin should still be able to beat the orc to a pulp with his bare hands.

We also suggest that the orc would not do any damage to an opponent if he used the spetum to disarm that opponent — he is not making a direct, physical attack, and thus should not significantly hurt his opponent.

TURNBULL TALKING

So it's Christmas again — my 28th if I remember correctly. I used to entertain a rather cynical view of the festive season, but the arrival of a baby daughter changed all that, and I must say I prefer it. But not to the extent of a eulogy here. Nor will I succumb to the temptation of speculating about what the well-dressed spellbinder would like to see in his Christmas stocking and how the alert Magsman plans furtively to relieve him of it.

Rather, the matter of character classes strikes my attention. Several new ones have appeared lately as semi-official additions to the AD&D™ game —the Cavalier, the Barbarian, the Thief-Acrobat and so forth — to what I could politely describe as a mixed reception. The Barbarian, in particular, has taken some stick in these pages as well as at the GamesFair seminar last March where Gary Gygax added his own inimitable dimension.

Now there is no doubt, adopting for the nonce a TSR stance, that new character classes are generally wanted by gamers, though there are those who are quite violently opposed to them. That's obvious from the number of submissions TSR receives both here and in Lake Geneva, and that's why Gary invents them — they are, on the whole, what the public wants. Those gamers who dislike new character classes (or new spells, for instance) will find no solace in knowing they are in the minority, but it's the case all the same.

Personally, I have my doubts about their impact on the game I play. Mainly, I suppose, this is because I haven't fully experienced the play of all the existing character classes yet. I have played a druid once, perhaps twice. My sole assassin got spotted by a paladin early in his career, and alas poor Moriarty is no longer with us. Of the two characters who started their careers under my dubious tutelage with the potential to achieve bard status, one (Mario, the swarthy Italian wont to sing about cornettos — or cornetti, perhaps) died while still a fighter. The other — Neddie of Wales — had some intelligence drained while still a fighter and is now 8th level so can never be a bard even with some IQ restoration (though this doesn't prevent him from moodily tooting a musical instrument from time to time and writing awful poetry).

The chances are I will never play a thief-acrobat or a cavalier, and my barbarian

Q. Is it possible for a dwarven player character to have a constitution of 19 if aging bonuses and/or magical adjustments are taken into account? (Adv)

A. Yes. It is entirely possible for a dwarf to have a constituion of 19. Details of the adjustments to be applied to hit points etc can be found on p6-7 of the DEITIES & DEMIGODS™ Cyclopedia. In passing it is worth knowing that some of these higher abilities may only be applied to divine beings.

Q. If a character is looking out from a room can a wandering monster surprise him? (Basic/Adv)

A. Merely because someone is watching for the approach of a wandering monster there is no certainty of it being spotted. In addition to the fact that there are a number of creatures who are camouflaged or invisible, wandering monsters may emerge from secret doors behind or next to the watcher or be already present and waiting for an opportunity to strike — a wandering monster does not always have to 'wander' up to a party — variety is the spice of DMing!

Finally, the watcher's attention may wander. Staring at one piece of corridor is probably not an activity conducive to long periods of concentration.

Mike Brunton, Graeme Morris & Phil Gallagher

McLintockk (a Welsh Nationalist, of course) may never again see light of day. But I have to accept that, as a DM, I will come across such new classes and know how to deal with them.

Therein lies my dilemma. Is it selfishness on my part which leads me not to welcome new classes (since it simply adds more work for me)? Or do I really believe they don't add to the game? What would I have said if I were standing at Gary's shoulder when he was first considering introducing the Ranger, say?

It's one thing for me to prefer the game the way I play it, but quite another if I were to pontificate on the way others play it. And that means — new character classes. Well, I'll do my homework.

Try to fit in some extra gaming during your holiday, and have a happy and peaceful Christmas.

Don Turnbull

DIALOG

A view from the other side,

by **Lew Pulsipher**

I'd just skimmmed through IMAGINE magazine issues 0 (0?) to 4 when my Alter Ego emerged from the dungeon, where he'd been "working".

'Hey Puls, nice-looking 'zines. Any good?'

'Yes, quite professional in an informal sort of way, aimed at beginners.'

Alter looked through number 4. 'Yeah, it's already a strong competitor with **White Dwarf** in one way — it has almost as many adverts.' Alter isn't known for charity to gaming publications. 'Why've you got 'em?'

'Paul Cockburn asked me to "pen a trial column", and sent me these to let me get a feel for the 'zine. Now that I have, I'm going to write a rough draft — with your help.'

'Of course. But what's this "pen" a column?' Alter asked as I sat down at "The Demon" (my trusty electronic typewriter). 'Does PC really write *longhand*? How primitive.'

'It's probably just an expression, Alter... he seems to have a secretary type his letters. Wouldn't it be nice to have a real secretary... the help around here is none too good.' I stared at the ceiling as I said this.

'If you weren't such a slave-driver, Puls, I might be more co-operative. Who wants to be indoors when it's 88 and cloudless outside?'

'It's 103, not 88. And you get every other Sunday off. When I get that word-processing computer...'

'Sure, I've heard that before.'

'No matter, let's get on to the article. What can I say in a measly thousand words? They may not print it for months, so I can't say anything about new gaming products like **Harn** and **Middle Earth**. I could introduce you to the readers, but I suspect they'd rather do something else.'

Alter ignored that as he looked through #3. 'In the lettercolumn they ask what RPGs make for good role-playing, and how. But that's more than one question, really.'

I leaned back in my chair and read the letters. 'I think they're equating role-playing with persona-creation and improvisational theatre — the kind of role-playing in which the gamer is an actor playing a character part in an unscripted novel, more or less. I look at it differently. Usually I use my character as a vehicle for vicarious participation, making him or her act as *I would like to think* I would act in a similar situation.'

'You mean the character's an extension of yourself?' Alter sneered. 'I've seen too many kids who couldn't differentiate themselves from their characters, as though an insult or injury to the character was an insult or injury to the player.'

'No, the player is *not* the character. I expect I'd be scared spitless in a dungeon, but I'd like to think I'd be brave-but-careful, so my characters act that way. It's idealisation, not personality-transfer. I think many adult players start this way, then get into improvisational theatre to some extent as they go along. Let's assume they mean role-playing as improvisational theatre — call it I-T. What encourages that?'

Alter, who ordinarily (if anything about Alter can be ordinary) is a devotee of I-T, though he doesn't put much into creating unique characters, knows more about this than I do. 'Mainly, boss, I'd say that combat doesn't leave much room for I-T unless your referee bends the rules to change combat results detrimental to role-playing. If the party can't survive unless every character plays a sensible, organised part in a fight, you can't play a foolhardy hero or a coward or a howling chaot. And in general, a game which encourages combat discourages I-T because most improvisational theatre involves non-violent interaction with other characters, non-player or otherwise.'

I nodded. 'So a game such as the AD&D™ game, which encourages combat because it's so hard to kill or incapacitate experienced players, discourages I-T?'

'Yeah, although there are ways for referees to minimize that. In *any* game, the more often combat results in failure, whether by character-death or by inability to attain goals through fighting, then the more I-T will be encouraged.' Alter pulled **RuneQuest** out of a four-drawer file. 'Some people say this game is good for I-T because critical hits can incapacitate 'most anyone in one blow — that is, luck will get you in a RQ melee more often than in a D&D® game melee, assuming you're using experienced characters.'

'But don't melees take longer in RQ? Isn't that another discouragement to combat?'

'I don't play RQ much, Puls, especially not on days like this' — he looked longingly out the window — 'but it could work that way, couldn't it? Whereas D&D game melees are pretty quick and easy to run unless you use dozens of monsters... Aside from that, the RQ rules and the people who write about RQ encourage I-T, whereas the various D&D game versions don't. That makes a difference.'

I thought a while about SF role-playing. '**Traveller** is known in some quarters as a good I-T game, which would follow because it's easy to get killed in a **Traveller** fight.'

Alter was sniggering at **Rubic**, whether amused or disgusted I couldn't say. 'But most of the Traveller scenarios I've seen aim everything toward a climactic battle.'

'It seems to depend almost as much on the referee as on the game. But each game's mechanics determine the 'average dose' of improvisational theatre. And the D&D game rules encourage it less than most others.' I "penned" a few notes on an ever-present 3 by 5 card. 'On the other hand, Alter, it's easier to participate vicariously when you have some confidence that your character, who you've worked with for months or years, isn't likely to be snuffed out when he gets into a fight. In that sense, the games in which combat is less, um... fatal for experienced characters encourage vicarious participation.'

'So in effect' said Alter, 'different games encourage different kinds of role-playing, but none can be said to be better in general for RP.'

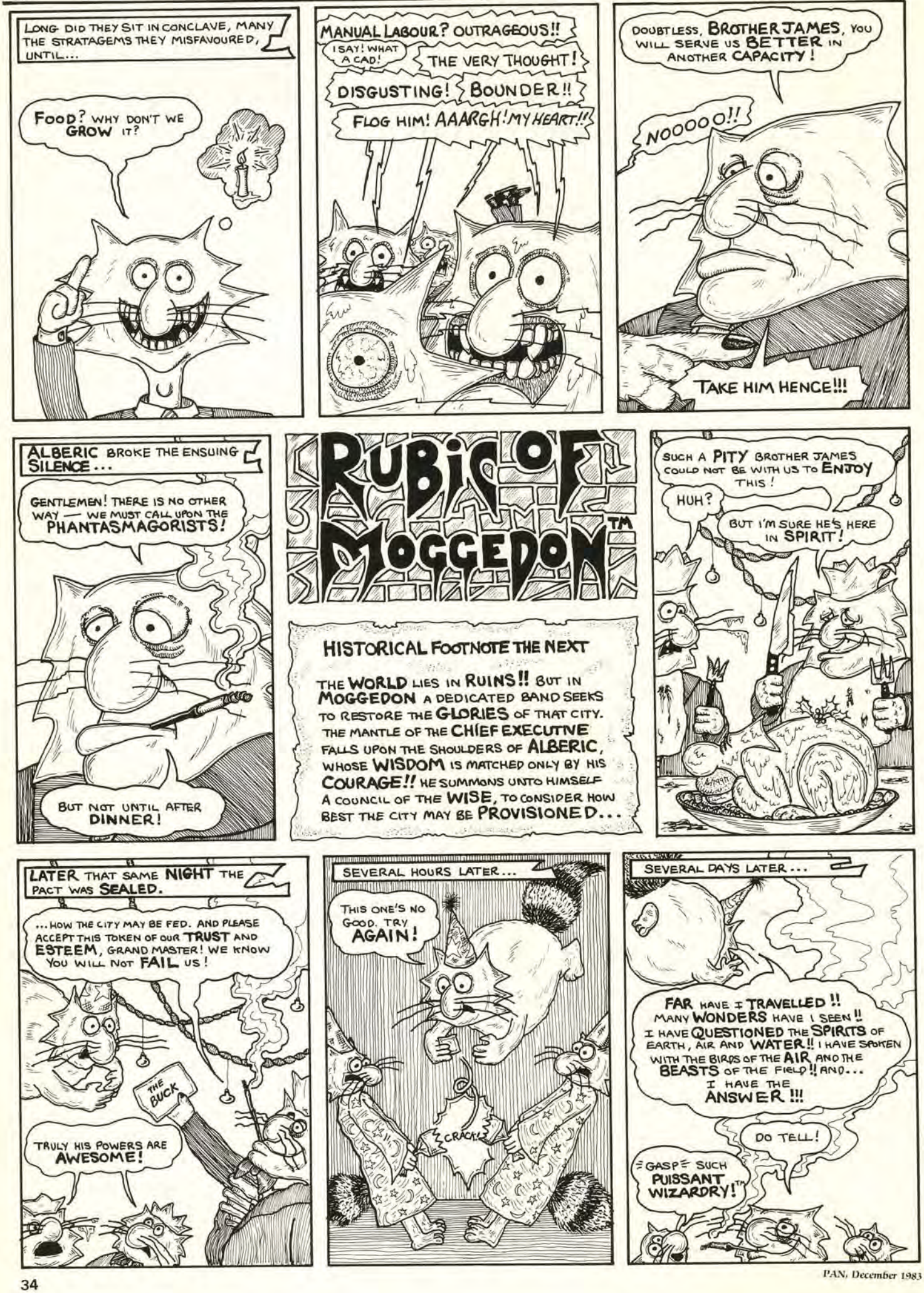
'I'm glad we agree, for once.'

'OK, but what about the column you want to write?'

'You might have an angle with this RP thing. But it's suppertime. Let's do it tomorrow.'

Lew Pulsipher

(With thanks to Richard E Geis of ***Science Fiction Review****.)*


LONG DID THEY SIT IN CONCLAVE, MANY THE STRATAGEMS THEY MISFAVOURED, UNTIL...
FOOD? WHY DON'T WE GROW IT?
MANUAL LABOUR? OUTRAGEOUS!!
I SAY! WHAT A CAD!
THE VERY THOUGHT!
DISGUSTING!
BOUNDER!!
FLOG HIM! AAARGH! MY HEART!!!
DOUBTLESS, BROTHER JAMES, YOU WILL SERVE US BETTER IN ANOTHER CAPACITY!
NOOOOO!!
TAKE HIM HENCE!!!
ALBERIC BROKE THE ENSUING SILENCE...
GENTLEMEN! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY — WE MUST CALL UPON THE PHANTASMAGORISTS!
BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER DINNER!
RUBIC OF MOGGEDON™
HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE THE NEXT
THE WORLD LIES IN RUINS!! BUT IN MOGGEDON A DEDICATED BAND SEEKS TO RESTORE THE GLORIES OF THAT CITY. THE MANTLE OF THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE FALLS UPON THE SHOULDERS OF ALBERIC, WHOSE WISDOM IS MATCHED ONLY BY HIS COURAGE!! HE SUMMONS UNTO HIMSELF A COUNCIL OF THE WISE, TO CONSIDER HOW BEST THE CITY MAY BE PROVISIONED...
SUCH A PITY BROTHER JAMES COULD NOT BE WITH US TO ENJOY THIS!
HUH?
BUT I'M SURE HE'S HERE IN SPIRIT!
LATER THAT SAME NIGHT THE PACT WAS SEALED.
...HOW THE CITY MAY BE FED. AND PLEASE ACCEPT THIS TOKEN OF OUR TRUST AND ESTEEM, GRAND MASTER! WE KNOW YOU WILL NOT FAIL US!
THE BUCK
TRULY HIS POWERS ARE AWESOME!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
THIS ONE'S NO GOOD. TRY AGAIN!
CRACK!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
FAR HAVE I TRAVELLED!! MANY WONDERS HAVE I SEEN!! I HAVE QUESTIONED THE SPIRITS OF EARTH, AIR AND WATER!! I HAVE SPOKEN WITH THE BIRDS OF THE AIR AND THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD!! AND... I HAVE THE ANSWER!!!
DO TELL!
=GASP= SUCH PUISSANT WIZARDRY!

Book Review

*Dave Pringle, editor of **Foundation: The Review of Science Fiction**, looks at recent releases in the world of adventure- and science-fiction, and some interesting non-fiction.*

The Citadel of the Autarch (Arrow, £1.95) is the fourth and concluding part of Gene Wolfe's **Book of the New Sun**. The whole adds up to a long novel of great power and beauty, the ultimate far-future/'dying earth' tale, and a work of science fiction which incidentally redeems and transfigures many of the clichés of Sword and Sorcery. No doubt some of you have already followed the earlier adventurers of the torturer Severian in his quest for the New Sun. If not, I heartily recommend that you do so now — it is a reading experience not to be missed.

Having said that, let me now register a slight sense of disappointment. A whiff of allegory drifts across the battlefields on which much of the action takes place in this fourth volume. For the first time, we meet the 'Ascians', the northern enemies of Severian's Commonwealth, a people who remained obscure for three quarters of the epic. The Ascians' is an egalitarian society ruled by the 'Group of Seventeen'. All the Ascians speak in hortatory rote phrases; they appear to have no freedom of thought; they have mad starved faces. Suddenly one remembers that as a young man in the early 1950s Gene Wolfe fought in Korea ('he was awarded the Combat Infantry Badge,' according to the biographical note at the end of the book). The awful suspicion dawns: are the Ascians *commies*? Is all this an allegory of the Korean War?

Why do novels of nuclear doom fascinate us? Luke Rhinehart's **Long Voyage Back** (Granada, £1.95) is the latest in a long line of such works: Pat Frank's **Alas Babylon** (1959) is a good earlier example. Nuclear holocaust is the late-20th century equivalent of Hellfire and Damnation: it is the worst thing we can imagine happening to us. Yet we relish it as 'entertainment'. Perhaps life is so safe and boring now in the Western World that armchair experience of the ultimate disaster gives us a particular *frisson*. Human beings are nothing if not perverse. That is a worrying thought: if we are so ready to imagine it today, perhaps we shall be prepared to *do* it tomorrow — just like space travel.

What I like about Rhinehart's novel, though, is that it does not live up to one's expectations of yet another 'cosy catastrophe'. Certainly the sympathetic characters survive (by sailing on a trimaran to Tierra del Fuego) but by the end of the long narrative they are reduced to a marginal existence indeed. There are no pastoral fantasies of Noble Self Sufficiency here. Then one turns the last page and finds this: '*This is a work of fiction. The actual effects of a large-scale nuclear war are so much worse than I have dramatised that no bearable work of fiction can be written about them.*' Well said, Mr Rhinehart.

WINNER OF THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION AWARD, THE WORLD FANTASY AWARD and THE NEBULA AWARD
GENE WOLFE
THE CITADEL OF THE AUTARCH
Volume Four of
THE BOOK OF THE NEW SUN

With some 70 books behind him (many of the earlier ones apparently written in three days flat) Michael Moorcock is now a real Old Pro. Nowadays he produces big ambitious novels and a first draft takes him at least three months; but once in a while he still tosses off a quickie, a seemingly effortless little fantasy that will help him pay a few bills. **The War Hound and the World's Pain** (NEL, £2.50) is one such. It is the story of Graf Ulrich von Bek, a 17th-Century German mercenary, who meets Satan, is vouchsafed a glimpse of Hell, and is sent on a quest for the Holy Grail. I am pleased to report that it makes a delightful read. Although minor, it is much superior to the earlier quickies in, say, the 'Dorian Hawkmoon' series. Moorcock has honed his skills over the years, and they now show a fine gleaming edge.

And here is something completely different: **New Worlds: An Anthology** edited by Michael Moorcock (Fontana/Flamingo, £3.95). It is a big volume — 512 pages of fiction, poetry, reviews and appendices — and it is an uncompromising one insofar as it has been edited to be representative of NW the avant-garde literary periodical rather than NW the SF mag. Aldiss, Ballard and many other familiar names are in here, but you will also find some forgotten stuff by people you have never heard of. The highlights include Barry Bayley's brilliant pastiche of William Burroughs, 'The Four-Colour Problem' (surely the best thing Bayley ever wrote?) and Pamela Zoline's oddly moving 'The Heat Death of the Universe', a Pop Art painting come to life.

The Incredible Shrinking Man by Richard Matheson (Corgi, £1.75) was first published in 1956 without the word 'incredible' in the title. A year later came Jack Arnold's classic film of the book, and that shrinking man has been incredible ever since. As it happens, Matheson's chief strength as a writer is the credibility which he brings to his elaboration on an absurd premise. Forget that cloud of radioactivity which starts the hero on his shrinking course; it is nothing but a pretext. Enjoy the believable domestic details which follow as the protagonist finds he is no longer a man to his wife and ends up as a scurrying insect beneath her feet. It is like Kafka transposed to an *Ideal Home* setting.

The Twilight Zone Companion by Marc Scott Zicree (Corgi, £3.95) is excellent value for anyone who holds the 25-year-old TV series in high esteem. It is a well illustrated 447-page book. The solid text contains interviews with many of the writers and directors who worked on the series, including Richard Matheson.

Ray Bradbury's **Dinosaur Tales** (Corgi, £2.95) is a slim volume with pretty pictures by William Stout, Moebius, Steranko and others. The text does not amount to much: four stories (three of them reprinted from earlier Bradbury collection) and a couple of poems. The new tale has a snappy title — 'Besides a Dinosaur, Whatta Ya Wanna Be When You Grow Up?' — and is a typically sentimental piece about a dreamy boy and his indulgent Grandpa in 1920s Greentown, Illinois. This book might make an appropriate Christmas present for someone young and simple.

Dave Pringle

Dave Pringle will be back in February, 1984. On page 45 of this issue, Colin Greenland looks at some of the latest film releases in a special festive review.

The Imagination Machine

Micro COMPUTERS

Recently there has been something of a commotion in the microcomputer industry; hardware and software sales have stopped rising and it is even being whispered that they are on the decline.

Since home computers were first introduced into the UK, about six years ago, they have sold at a faster and faster rate from month to month and people have tended to take this for granted. It was all too easy to assume that these machines would continue to spread until they had found their way into every household in the country, and indeed manufacturers have laid many of their plans for the future on this assumption.

But now it seems that microcomputer sales will level off with about one computer in every ten homes, or about 1.75 million machines in regular use. Surveys carried out by a number organisations over the past year have shown an attitude of mild hostility among those who do not already own one.

There are several reasons for this attitude. One is the 'unfriendliness' of the machines themselves, which demand keyboard skills if they are to be used properly, and possess idiosyncrasies peculiar to each brand for which allowances have to be made. Another reason for distrust is the sort of person who is seen as the typical computer owner. This is defined as someone who spends more time setting up the equipment than making use of it; who is unwilling or unable to explain how it achieves the effects it does; and who is more interested in exploring the intricacies of the system than in 'training' it to carry out tasks perceived by others as valuable. In short, a 'fiddler', or tinkerer with an arcane device.

Computer owners will reject this picture as a distortion, but that is not really the point. As long as this image persists in the popular imagination, computers will never achieve the universal penetration into home environments that has so often been predicted for them. And there is little doubt that it is the fault of the manufacturers themselves. Each has avoided standardization and has built unique features into his particular machine, to act as selling points in competition with other brands. This has led to a situation in which acquisition of any home micro must be followed by quite a long period of acclimatisation before one understands how the system works — and this applies even if the purchaser is already familiar with computers from other manufacturers.

Sophisticated Hardware

High-level language development has also failed to keep pace with the increasing sophistication of the hardware. Many users find themselves faced with the need to execute sequences of PEEKs and POKEs in order to produce animated-graphic colour displays or complex sound effects. They are little better off than the mainframe programmers of the 50s who had to tap in coding as strings of 1s and 0s because Assembly language had not yet been invented.

This is not to say that owners will stop using their machines; on the contrary, there will continue to be a steady level of demand for games software to run on the existing range of machines and on any new machines that manage to establish themselves in a static market. But 'computer gaming' is nevertheless likely to become a minority hobby, another branch of specialist gaming like SF boardgames or play-by-mail.

What difference will this make in practice? At the moment you can buy software in the local branch of WH Smith or Boots; in future you may have to make a longer trip to a specialist games shop. But when you get there you should at least find a full range of different types of software, rather than a Top Ten consisting of nine arcade games and one chess program. The quality of software is also likely to rise. A curious situation has existed during the last eighteen months in which the level of experience of the average home computer user has actually declined from month to month. This is because of the large number of new buyers, entering at the 'bottom end' with no previous knowledge of games software. They have tended to be easily impressed even by inadequate software because they had nothing to compare it with. Later on, of course, they become more discriminating and start to reject junk.

Universal Acceptance

During 1982, however, the sheer number of recent buyers who had owned a computer for three months or less made it possible to sell anything at all so long as it was on tape. As sales of micros to new buyers drop off, average levels of experience will increase sharply and it will no longer be so easy to palm off second-rate material (although no doubt there will always be bad computer games as there are bad games of any type).

At some time in the future there is likely to be a new generation of home computers which will achieve the universal acceptance that has eluded the current range of machines. But that's a subject for another column.

Mike Costello

*Starting with issue 11, the **IMAGINATION MACHINE** will be appearing monthly, with a page of reviews, and all the latest news from the world of micro gaming.*

Micro COMPUTERS

GO TO JAIL

Availability: 48K Spectrum, from Automata UK Ltd, £6.00

Game Review

Go to Jail is a computerised version of **Monopoly**, the classic board game of real estate dealing, greed and bankruptcy. It is billed as suitable for 2-5 players, but, like the board game, really needs 3 or more to give the full flavour. However, since one of these can be the Spectrum itself, you only need to pressgang one human being.

For the few who have not played the original, it is essentially a game in which the players' symbols travel by dice throw around the edge of a board, buying property, paying rents when landing on other people's property, making deals, building, sometimes taking a 'Chance' card or being thrown in jail, and eventually going bust. Like all games that bring out the worst in people, it is fun! For others, I need only say that **Go to Jail** is faithful to the original rules of play in practically every respect. I found only one small difference from those I remember; you can build more than one house on a site while its mates have none.

The presentation differs, and needs getting used to. Instead of a fixed board with symbols travelling around it, the symbol stays put while the board edge scrolls. The Spectrum reminds players whose turn it is, and indexes the board edge to the current position of each player's symbol. The top left of the screen shows two dice, the top right shows a bank building containing the player's cash balance and the mortgage value of property owned. The next section down displays the property rested on, complete with street name, ownership, price and mortgage value. To its right are the next two properties.

Players key their initials, the dice revolve and stop. The board edge scrolls to the end position of the move, displays any rent needing to be paid; if the property is unsold, asks whether the player wishes to buy, and so on. The computer deals with all transfers of funds automatically, displays a full property list on demand, and takes care of all the bank's functions. It is tolerant of command errors from inadequate reading of the simple printed rules to an almost saintly extent.

A different character emerges when the computer is allowed to play. In my childhood, there was an unfortunate tendency for siblings to gang up on the most competent player. With this version, they would be well-advised to pick on the computer, which is very sharp indeed. It needs no sympathy and shows no mercy, though it refrains from snide comments.

That brings me to a real advantage of **Go to Jail** over the board game — a reduction in family disputes when youngsters are involved. Not only can they combine against an outsider, but no longer can the owners of expensive property be distracted as the hordes approach by rapid dice passing or being sent to see what the cat is doing in the kitchen. The computer banker's 'hat' looks after their interests.

Graphics are very good, well up to the rest of the offering, but they also provide the only bug detected: an occasional garbling of property names to provide such examples as 'Whityfair', or 'Fenchstaunti'. This does not interfere with the game, and can be an endearing simulation of the high alcohol consumption that comes with life at the top.

We have now given our old favourite set away to a good home, with no regrets.

Phil Barker

Spectacular GAMES for your ZX Spectrum
Tantalizing GAMES for your T199/4A
Terrific GAMES for your Tandy Color
Volcanic GAMES for your VIC 20

Book Review

by Hal Renko and Sam Edwards from Addison Wesley, 1983, £3.95

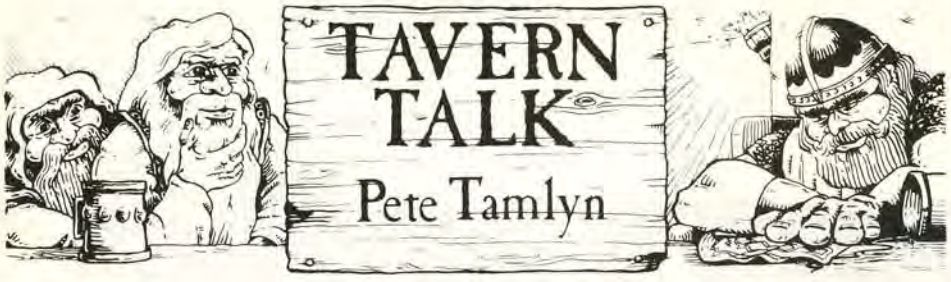
When you think about it, the tendency of many micro owners to spend their time typing in program listings from books and magazines must be one of the more amazing phenomena of our time. This high-tech gadget has more computing power than was dreamt of 30 years ago, and people choose to transcribe data into it like monks copying illuminated manuscripts in a medieval monastery — instead of just loading it in from magnetic media. The most convincing explanation that has been offered for this behaviour is that it gives the user a feeling of control over the machine. He (or she) typed it all in, therefore he, not the machine, is in charge during program execution — even if he has no idea how the programs work.

These books seem tailor-made for such people. Each has the same 30 programs, written for each micro, and not one makes any use of the special features on each machine; they are generally of the most elementary kind. There is no explanation of how any of them work, although full details on how to play are included.

The mixture of computers in the series seems odd, and probably reflects the leading brands in Holland, where they were written. However, the Color computer programs should all run 'as-are' on the Dragon; all are in pidgin Basic.

If you are interested in learning how to write games programs, these books are not for you. If you just want to play games (which is fair enough), you can find equivalents of most of these programs in any stack of old computing magazines. Having them all in one book is more convenient, but, I'm afraid, there are already several anthologies of such simple games in the bookshops, all in the under-£3 range. These books represent the sort of thing that publishers could get away with 18 months ago.... times have moved on.

Mike Costello



There are times, dear reader, when you would be forgiven for thinking that some people have never had an original idea in their lives. For such is the extent to which **Waste Drain** has been starting new columns of a remarkably similar nature to those featured in these hallowed pages, that the next step must surely be for Games Workshop to buy up half the print run of IMAGINE™ OBE CIA magazine and put their own cover on it.

Still, we musn't complain. For a start they've given a job to my old mate Dave Langford, a gifted writer if ever there was one (that's two pints you owe me now, Dave). And, of course, it is great to see GW actually acknowledge that fanzines exist. I'm certainly looking forward to Mike Lewis' 'zine column, not to mention comparing notes with Mike as to our relative working conditions! Then again, there is the argument that GW, hard-headed capitalists, like any successful company, never do anything unless there is money in it. And what does that mean? Yes, all those bright new features are seen by them as likely to sell more **Drains**. I suppose it is impolite to ask why they didn't include such excellent ideas before they had any competition, but at least it shows that IMAGINE magazine is getting it right.

But what is he leading up to? you ask. Are not Games Workshop jokes two-a-penny these days? Of course they are, but really, they have gone too far this time. Okay, so it is very flattering that they should have a gossip column too, but did they have to pick such a lily-livered wimp to write it? 'Super Mole' indeed! Well it's a reasonable sort of pseudonym I suppose, even if it does conjure up images of either gay civil servants leaving copies of Official Secrets in litter bins for the KGB, or bearded trotskyites putting their BScs (failed, pending appeal) in Political Science to use on car assembly lines. But why the anonymity? Has he got acne? Did he once have a bit part in *Coronation Street*? Were his parents so horrified at his appearance that they wouldn't give him a name? Or is Ivan writing it all himself to save having to pay anyone? No, you're right, I guess he's just chicken. After all, is there not the danger that some outraged victim of his warblings might confront him in the streets and pour a chocolate milk shake down his trousers? I tell you what, if you all chip in a couple of pence, we could raise enough money to send the lad on a Charles Atlas bodybuilding course. Then maybe he'll feel brave enough to tell us who he is.

Still on the subject of professional magazines, there looks to be another interesting confrontation coming up in the field of postal gaming. In the Red corner we have **Flagship** run by Nicky Palmer, ex-editor of **The Gamer**, failed Labour Party candidate for Chelsea (surely the daftest place in the country not to be wearing a blue scarf!) and former luminary of the late and unlamented National Games Club (which you won't have heard of — ask someone old like Uncle Don or Tom Kirby). Across the ring in the Blue corner we have **PBM** from Mike Costello, sometime computer columnist for almost every magazine there is and supreme ruler of the vast Emjay Empire which already runs two successful, games-oriented publications.

It should be a good fight. Nicky would seem to be the favourite, having commercial backing from Flying Buffalo (who are reportedly promising to buy up half the print run and offload it onto the unsuspecting Yanks) and also moral support from postal games fanzine editors, many of whom are old friends of his and are likely to be falling over themselves trying to forget all the nasty things that they've said recently about people who write for professional magazines. However, Mike has started two magazines from scratch already, so what he lacks in muscle he should make up for in experience. Both magazines are likely to concentrate heavily on commercial, computer moderated games, but amateurs are being courted too. And the fact that there are two of them means that they'll both have to try very hard to please, which has got to be good for the readers.

Finally this month it is back to the dear old Fanzine Association, or Fanzine Services as it is now called. At last there is something concrete for me to plug. John McKeown is running a publicity and warehousing service aimed at getting fanzines into shops; Nige Castle is organising collective adverts in professional 'zines; and Steve Norledge does the newsletter to keep everyone in touch. Steve, at 75 Hawkhurst Way, West Wickham, Kent BR4 9BE, is probably the best person to contact.

Pete Tamlyn

Fanzines

And, with no further ado, let's get on with two publications that aren't, by most definitions, fanzines, but which fall into the province of this feature due to the aeons-old law that says there isn't anywhere else for them to go.

The oddly named team known as Beast Entz (read Enterprises) are producing a bi-monthly publication with a 'unique combination of high quality module material with an inexpensive magazine format.' To be known as **Tortured Souls**, the 'zine will contain 4 scenarios in its first issue. We wait to see the results. The D&D® game will also be featured in London's latest and largest student newspaper, **Go For It** (honest).

Two new RPG 'zines have reached the cluttered desks of the editorial office. **Crystal Ball** was a sneak preview of a small circulation 'zine, with a few #1 pages stapled together. This fanzine will have a deliberate policy of featuring the writings of under-14s, so its tastes are, as a result, 'young'. Contents include character classes, new monsters, sage advice, reviews etc. **Roleplayer 1** caters for similar tastes, with a wider selection of games systems, but, on the face of it, needs more work to become a worthwhile read. The reviews were thin, and some of the other articles didn't actually say anything. For their sake, I hope the editors can make a better job of later issues.

Demons Drawl 2 shows a more polished style. Though the contents are similar — scenarios, monsters, and a few general articles on major games systems — the presentation is better, and the articles have more to say. There are plans for play-by-mail games in these pages too. Probably the best FRP 'zine to arrive this month was the **Journal of the Senseless Carnage Society 3**. D&D, Traveller and Chivalry & Sorcery games provide articles, monsters, scenarios etc, well-written, well-presented and backed up with good artwork by 'Stord'. Worth a read.

This has been a bad season for postal games 'zines. Following the demise of **Chimaera**, we have seen **Ripping Yarns, Drooling God** and possibly **Last Stand** all go; others, including **Supernova, Phyrric Victory,** and **Psycho** which has graced this column a few times, are in trouble. I hope this isn't a trend....

Richard Morris sent **Boojum 2** — the 'zine that picked up where Chimaera left off — along with a ticking off for getting his address wrong. That'll teach us not to believe anything we read in a fanzine! PBM, Railway Rivals, Circvs Maximvs, and, new, Car Wars and Pro Golf. Despite my lukewarm review of issue 1, Dave Messenger sent **Oink 2**, for which I was profoundly grateful, since it was a great improvement. This is largely due to

several cheeky reprints, however, including Asterix artwork. Diplomacy? — yes, but the game is all the diplomacy in here.

I find it difficult to know what to say about **War Machine 22** and **Wargame News 10**, since Mike Costello produces magazines of consistent quality. Both have profited from a recent change to a new word processor/printer. WN is a special Vietnam issue, with comprehensive reviews, while WM contains a readers' ratings chart on micro games, helpful programming hints (including a Railway Rivals game aid programme), and the last PBM feature. Mike's new publication, **PBM** will take up where this leaves off.

Everyone here read **Hopscotch 34 & 35** to find out how Tom Kirby's team is doing in United — relegation threatens. Circvs Maximvs, Chequered Flag, 221b Baker Street and many others constitute the best collection of postal games available. **NMR! 43** had the full story of the RY fold, reviews of books, records and pubs, and Diplomacy. **Take That You Fiend 12** has En Garde, Title Bout and Dreadnought amongst the games. The cheapest place to play Diplomacy must be through **Walamalaysia Gazette 35**. This is getting better for reading matter too.

If **Psycho 9** was a 'last issue', it didn't look like it. Mike Dean has done some sensible pruning, and the game content remains strong. **Cut & Thrust 18** has a strong track record for En Garde, and this was an interesting issue. What more can we say about **Acolyte 51** and **Greatest Hits 111**? These two 'zines should be at the top of everyone's lists.

This month we also received **Cerebo 18**, the X-men fanzine, chock full of reading matter; **Fantasy Advertiser 81**, *the* vehicle for comics fans; **Ansible 35**, Dave Langford's sci-fi review 'zine, and **Escape 2**, the adult story-strip 'zine, complete with a 3D strip and those crazy red and green glasses. Didn't I see some other 'adult' magazine giving those away lately....? Oh yes, and right on press date, something called the **Pete Tamlyn Fanclub Newsletter 1** arrived. Trivial, insulting, demeaning. I think it's great.

Reviews by Paul Cockburn

Tortured Souls, Beast Entz Ltd, Divinity Rd, Oxford OX4 1LR (£1.95); **Go For It**, London Travel Publ, 7 Scholars Court, Colney Heath, Herts; **Crystal Ball**, Duncan Harris, 1 Greenfield Park, Portishead, Bristol BS20 8NG; **Roleplayer**, Simon Price, 24 Cottesford Close, Hadleigh, Ipswich IP7 5JA (35p); **Demon's Drawl**, Jeremy Nuttall, 49 Longdown Rd, Congleton, Cheshire (50p); **Journal of the SCS**, Simon Hartley, 5 Burgh Heath Rd, Epsom, Surrey (50p).

Boojum, Richard Morris, Highland Ville, Lightcliffe, Halifax, W Yorks HX3 8AG (20p plus post); **Oink**, Dave Messenger, 3 The Leasow, Aldridge, Walsall, W Mids WS9 0EF (40p); **War Machine**, **Wargame News**, Mike Costello, 17 Langbank Ave, Rise Park, Nottingham NG5 5BU (£1.15/65p); **Hopscotch**, Alan Parr, 6 Longfield Gdns, Tring, Herts HP23 4DN (28p); **NMR!**, Brian Creese, 256 Canbury Park Rd, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey KT2 6LG.

Take That You Fiend, Kevin Warne, 48 Boscombe Ave, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 1JG (35p); **Walamalaysia Gazette**, Dave Thorby, 200 Lavender Hill, Enfield, Middx EN2 8NJ (7p plus post); **Psychopath**, Mike Dean, Knockhill Cottage, Newport on Tay, Fife, Scotland (35p); **Cut & Thrust**, Derek Wilson, 321 Hedley Rd E, Woodley, Reading, Berks RG5 4SE (35p); **Greatest Hits**, Pete Birks, 39 Handforth Rd, London SW9 0LL (50p); **Acolyte**, Pete Tamlyn, 2 Poplar Rd, The Coppice, Aylesbury, Bucks HP22 5BN.

Cerebo, G F Willmetts, 74 Glouceter Rd, Bridgwater, Somerset TA6 6EA (75p); **Fantasy Advertiser**, Martin Lock, 3 Marlow Ct, Britannia Sq, Worcester WR1 3DP (40p); **Ansible**, Dave Langford, 94 London Rd, Reading Berks RG1 5AU (£2 for 7); **Escape**, Escape Publ, 156 Munster Rd, London SW6 (95p); **Pete Tamlyn Fanclub Newsletter**, Paul Mason, 24 Moor St, Earlsdon, Coventry CV5 6BQ (15p).

The year is 1984....

And IMAGINE magazine is completely ignoring George Orwell!

★ Enter our prize competition Win £40-worth of D&D® game goods of your choice — the **Philosopher's Stone** Part 3.

★ Play **Thunder Crag**, a module created by Runic Press International, purveyors of the **Rubic of Moggedon.**

all your favourite features: PAN, the Sword of Alabron, Chain Mail, Stirge Corner and Nic Novice

plus fiction, letters, fanzines, reviews, news, a report on Games Day '83, and a feature article on a very powerful piece of illusionist magic, the **Phantasmal Force....**

IMAGINE magazine 11: the **Cavalier** sub-class for the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game, **Social Priority** tables, **NPCs**, **Horse Combat**, the **Imagination Machine**

IMAGINE magazine 12: a free boardgame, **Lost Event Horizon** — fiction from Dave Langford, Terrain and Weather in the AD&D™ game, a programmed adventure and a brief encounter mini-scenario

IMAGINE magazine 13: H P Lovecraft — an appreciation, **Call of Cthulhu**, an introduction to the game of gothic horror, a D&D mini-scenario and the last of the **Philosopher's Stone** prize competitions

It looks like it could be a good year, after all....

Letters

IMAGINE™ magazine invites readers to write on any subject that might interest other adventure gamers. Write to us at IMAGINE magazine (letters), The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD. Letters apearing in this column may have been edited for length.

First off, it would appear that we owe this gentleman an apology:

Steve Jackson, Austin, Texas: I have been reading your magazine with enjoyment.... and progressive dismay at the misinformation and outright brickbats in the **Illuminations** section.

5 contained a report about upcoming **Car Wars** items, but it was drawn from the April '83 **Space Gamer**, and the report of the new sequence (July-August) apparently escaped your notice. That's what we get for changing plans.

Describing **Car Wars Expansion # 2 in** # 6, the label of the product apparently escaped his notice. It contains exactly what the label says; three sets of counters and a turning key — for the reviewer to cry 'Caveat Emptor' on the basis of his misconceptions adds insult to injury.

*Oh well. Doug, who supplies much of the information for **Illuminations** just would not have had **Space Gamer** (August) to hand when # 5 came out, but the 'missing maps' will just have to go down on our list of goofs. By the time you read these words, **Car Wars Expansion # 2, 3 & 4**, the **Car Wars Reference Screen** and the **Map Sheets** should be in the shops.*

Steve Gilham, Stevenage, Herts: Having given your early issues a scathing write up in **A&E**, I bought # 7, mainly as a vote for the DRAGONQUEST™ game. Robert Kern is correct in saying that it was built to encourage a consistent and structured approach to play.

Paul Mason, Coventry: The DRAGONQUEST game theme was a passable idea, though DQ is a minority game. While I applaud the individual components of the DQ game, I find it a little irritating that ™ magazine has dealt exclusively with TSR products so far. You ought to give RuneQuest some space.

™ magazine.... very droll.... The DQ issue went down very well in most quarters, and those who enjoyed Robert Kern's work will be glad to hear that he is doing more for us. In the meantime, look out for # 13 and 14. No, no RQ - we still haven't heard from anybody willing to write anything for us about it. Does that tell us something about its popularity?

Mark Peckett, Tamworth, Staffs: I've got to say I found the 'Ethnic Rioters' card included in the **European Illuminatii** article in # 7 pretty offensive. Presenting ethnic minorities as something separate within society, and then in a totally unfavourable way ('violent, criminal') reinforces prejudices when we should be trying to knock them down.

It's not that I disagree about 'rioters' being criminal (although what one might define as criminal, another might call survival); but you presented ethnic minority groups only in an unfavourable light. There were no 'Ethnic Doctors/Nurses'

Steve Norledge, W Wickham, Kent: A highlight of # 7 was **European Illuminatii**. A witty addition to the game. I think a TSR card should have been included!

So do I. Perhaps instead of the 'Ethnic Rioters' card...? We were a little wary of putting this card in, and the main reason we did so was to allow our authors as free a hand as possible. Our sole defence is that we meant the stress to be on the 'rioters', certainly not the 'ethnic'. I think many of us would hope that the adventure gaming hobby will teach us to be more aware and tolerant, but I hope we never lose track of the fun.... just like we'll never see the end of the Rules vs Realism debate.

Jonathan Smith, Chinnor, Oxon: I must protest at **Turnbull's Tantrums**. Suggesting that all RPG designers outside TSR are 'greedy and lazy' is libellous. Beware at Games Day!

One thing I find 'unbelievable' about Advanced and other similar games is the abstractedness of the experience system. People get to be better fighters by fighting and better thieves by stealing. I like RuneQuest, where the skills are treated independently. Improvement in Advanced comes from treasure and monster-bashing.... realistic?

Paul Mason (again): How well can a system cover all the subtleties of real combat? What matters is how believable it seems to the players — I have to admit that this justifies the D&D game's combat. Players presumably find it believable enough.

Tony Sawyer, Tunbridge Wells, Kent: Surely what rules are used is up to the group at the start of the campaign? I make do with little of the Advanced rules once characters are rolled up, but in the end it is the rules availability of Advanced which keeps lots of us together playing.

Tim Ellis, Sutton Coldfield, W Mids: There appears to be a point of view, that just because the AD&D game contains 3 books of monsters, and others from magazines and fanzines, that they must all exist in every fantasy world. Not true — the game is set in a multiverse. A DM should choose his creatures to suit himself, and be prepared to add new monsters if he wants to.

Clubs & Events

One club to advertise this month: AD&D game players are sought in Finchley, North London, to start a campaign from 1st level, with a view to playing a couple of times a month. 'Experienced, non-sexist players preferred.' If interested, contact Geof Hogan, 01-346 8707.

First on the events list next year seems to be **Stabcon VI**, which will take place at Woolton Hall, Fallowfield, Manchester over January 13-15th. Contact Dave Waring, No 2 Cottage, Castle Farm, Tingrith, Milton Keynes MK17 9EG.

And then there's our own **GamesFair**, from 6th to 8th April inclusive at Reading University. For details see opposite »»»»

Seacon 84 takes place at the Brighton Metropole, 20-23rd April. This convention features guest of honour Roger Zelazny, but *not* Phil Farmer as previously advertised. Tickets cost £8 until 31 January, £10 until 19 April and £12 at the door, so get them in advance from: 321 Sarehole Rd, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Looking even further ahead, **Tynecon II: The Mexicon** will be in Newcastle from 25th to 28th May, with a specific focus on written science fiction. If that sounds like what you are looking for, write to Sue Williams, 19 Jesmond Dene Road, Jesmond, Newcastle upon Tyne.

c) As you turn and flee, you run straight into the wall. SMACK! Stunned, but still standing, you feel around the wall desperately for some means of escape. But you find only a light switch.

Determined to at least face your nameless foe, you turn, finger hovering over the switch. Turn to page 16 (option a).

GamesFair '84

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On FRIDAY, SATURDAY & SUNDAY
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Special guest E. GARY GYGAX

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Only those who book in advance can be admitted.
Refunds (minus a £2.00 administration charge) will only be possible on cancellations made before 31st January 1984.
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Game Reviews

OPERATION: FASTPASS

Operation: Fastpass is the latest of only four modules produced for the TOP SECRET™ game (five if you include the mini-scenario with the Admin shield). The ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game seems to have that many released every few months — though I'm told it is more popular!

The scenario is more of an investigation than **Rapidstrike**, which is really an SAS-type raid. Perhaps it should be likened to **Sprechenhaltestelle**, though it is much better. The whole idea is a novel one, being set at a Games Convention, something to which the players should easily relate. Gary Gygax is apparently missing, though.

The detail of the hotel and the surrounding area is extensive and interesting. Indeed, both times I playtested it, the participants left much unexplored and unasked. The GM should encourage the players to take advantage of the detail as it is a pity to waste it. I also liked the original idea of not fudging their return to the West but instead going into it in considerable detail.

The GM should also note that this is definitely a scenario which requires extensive reading, mainly due to the timetable of events and considerable character interaction. Also, when (if) the agents escape, the GM needs to know in detail the relevant information.

On the other hand, there are a few defects. First, the map of South Eastern Europe is spoiled by being wrongly keyed; the colour codes for road and country borders are the wrong way way round. Consequently, Italy appears to be divided into several different countries! Secondly, the location of a few places is unclear, eg the Bistro, Bakery, etc. Presumably they are all on the site marked SHOPS near the hotel. Again, although statistics are included for all the non-player characters, the work of the referee could be simplified by the inclusion of wrestling values, areas of knowledge, weapon accuracy and possibly speed. At the very least these are necessary for the major characters.

Finally, there are a couple of criticisms of the scenario as a whole. If the agents succeed in snatching Larenkhov, the object of the scenario, then a possible precaution actually taken by one of my playtesters can ruin the proposed outcome of the whole module. Anyway, the final conflict is largely impractical to my mind. Such a large combat is time-consuming and extremely hard to run, especially when the statistics of the goons are not standardised. You might stun the players momentarily but is it worth all the effort? I leave it for GMs to decide. Overall, though, an interesting scenario for players and GMs alike.

Nick Davison

***Operation: Fastpass**, a module for the TOP SECRET game, is produced in the USA by TSR Inc, and is distributed in this country by TSR UK. Price £2.95*

SCENARIO REVIEWS

Daredevil, Merc and **Chivalry & Sorcery**

There is a problem with getting reviews written for the more esoteric games.... there aren't that many players. These are the kind of games that exist solely for the aficionado, for the lover of the uncommon. I suppose that may be a little harsh on **Chivalry & Sorcery**, but for the other games, the definition will serve.

FGU, the New York based game company, are responsible for all three. **Daredevils** is a 'real world', culturally specific role-playing game, or, more simply, a *Tales of the Golden Monkey* equivalent of the GANGBUSTERS™ game. The appeal comes from its close relation to the excitement of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*; the period is the same, the plotlines are similar and the locations are exotic.

Daredevil Adventures, vol 2, nos 1 & 2, are the latest in a series of scenarios designed for this game. The booklets in fact appear often enough for them to be almost considered magazines, but the content of each of these issues is aimed at providing a 'module', ready for play. They are also intended to be cheap, though the price advantage is lost by the time they are imported and, naturally, the production is not as lavish as some.

No 1 contains three scenarios, no 2 two scenarios and an article on adding Ninjas to the game. The plotlines are not very startling, but the key elements are simply found by the GM, and there is usually at least one blind alley for the adventurers to follow, but I find with all these games that, in an effort to catch the cliché that epitomises the era, the plots fall into expected grooves, and that most sophisticated players in the '80s will easily see through the deceptions of a more innocent age.

Distributors' names are given for information only

Merc is clearly designed for the gun nut, the sort of role-player who likes to know just how much of a mess his assault rifle will make of a 'soft' target. **Merc Supplement 1** adds more specialities (frogman, airborne, archer(?)), more skill tests, vehicles and the all important information about the weight of ammunition clips. The book is dedicated to 'Mad' Mike Hoare, (Mercenary Extraordinaire) — and I'm sure he'll be delighted.

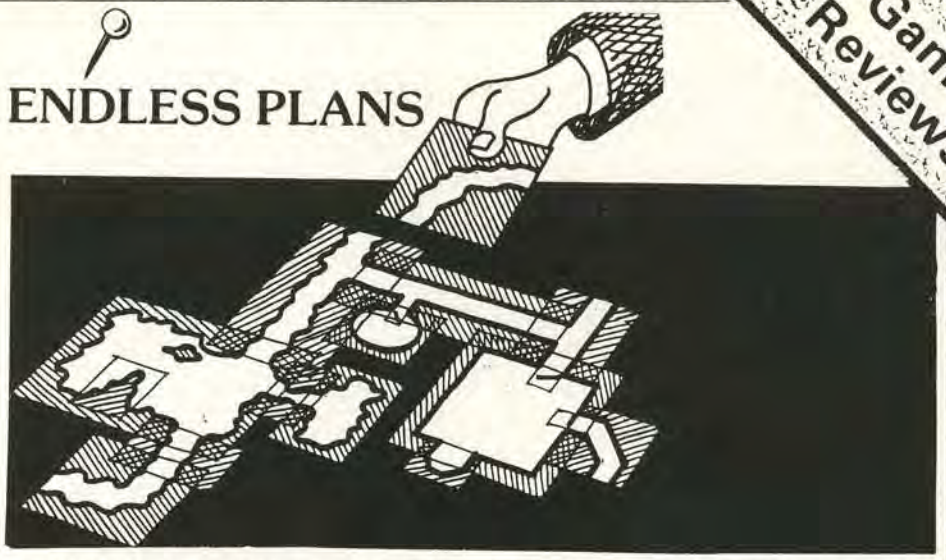
Swords & Sorcerors is an addition to the increasingly popular **Chivalry & Sorcery** game, bringing to life the culture, life-styles, religion and codes of honour of the Vikings, Mongols, Picts, Gaels and Britons, so that these may be added to the main Western European background of the original game. This has just been re-released, and FGU are confident that it will achieve greater popularity. Its appeal lies quite narrowly between the out and out 'fantasy' games, with their pseudo-medieval feel, and the 'history' RPGs which require much more care in the presentation of the campaign background, but are more usually set in a period closer to modern times.

With this book, useful information is pre sented in such a way that the GM ca quickly introduce elements of thes societies into the campaign. C&S i rightly praised as a game that encourage role-playing, as opposed to 'adventuring (as Daredevils) or random combat (a Merc), and this manual will provid considerable extra enjoyment to it adherents.

Paul Cockburn

***Daredevil Adventures, vol 2 nos 1 &** (£3.50 each), **Merc Supplement 1** (£3.95 and **Swords & Sorcerers** (£3.50) ar published in the USA by Fantasy Game Unlimited, and are distributed in th country by Games of Liverpool, 89 Victor Street, Liverpool L1 6DG.*

ENDLESS PLANS



Endless Plans are a system of floor plans for use in role-playing games. They are by no means the only system on the market and one may wonder if yet another series of floor plans is really wanted. As it happens, Endless Plans are sufficiently different from their rivals to merit serious consideration from prospective purchasers. All other floor plans that I know of have a square grid overprinted which is used to facilitate movement and combat. EPs do not have this, as the producer feels that a grid both detracts from the visual appeal and also gives players too much information about distances — information they should not really have access to. This is a reasonable point. However EPs do have feint dots printed on them at intervals of 2 scale meters. The intention is to assist the referee but I suspect there will be few players who do not make surreptitious use of the friendly little dots.

A second difference between EPs and rival products is the use in EPs of the so called 'modular system'. In effect this means that the 20 A4 sheets of card (of which an EP set is largely comprised) are each divided into about five different sections or, as the manufacturer prefers to call them, modules. For example, a sheet may consist of scale 2 metre wide passages. Each of the five modules would represent 2 metre wide passages of different lengths. Users do not cut up their sheets as they think best, as is the usual practice with floor plans. They merely have to cut their sheets into the component modules. All shapes and sizes or rooms, passages tunnels etc are made possible by combining modules. The placing of modules on top of one another or partially overlapping plays a large part in the use of this system. Of necessity therefore, the card is thin. This facilitates overlapping but gives an unsatisfactory, lightweight feel. On the other hand, this use of standardised modules does away with the need to keep the scores of fiddly bits and pieces which other systems require to enable you to construct your plans accurately. Endless Plans' modules are numbered so that the necessary piece can be selected quickly (if you keep them well organised). Most users will find this system appreciably quicker to use in the heart of the action.

I did not find the black and grey monotony of Endless Plans colour scheme as attractive as, say, the more varied hues of Games Workshop's Dungeon Floor Plans but that's just a personal foible. Many will prefer the rather stark EP approach. One big plus EPs have other other sets is the inclusion of a useful instruction pamphlet. It is a pleasant change to find a manufacturer who does not arrogantly take it for granted that all users will automatically know how to use his/her product.

The four Endless Plans sets currently available are sets 1 & 2, giving **Dungeon** modular pieces and the two new ones. These are somewhat confusingly numbered 6 & 7 and provide **Cave** modules. Set 6 is subtitled **Tortuous** whilst 7 is **Cavernous**.

Doug Cowie

***Endless Plans** (price £3.99) are available from most Games shops or direct from: Alan Hickling, Endless Games, 2 The Old Bakery, Long Itchington, CV23 8PW (p&p 65p).*

DUNGEON FLOOR PLANS 3

Games Workshop's **Dungeon Floor Plans 3** is the latest in their series of accessories designed to provide attractive two-dimensional playing surfaces for RPGs. This set is intended, as were the previous two, to be used with 25mm scale model figures. It consists of 12 pieces of A4 card, which graphically represent roof tiles (4 sheets); roof junctions (2 sheets); and stone/dirt features (as they are intriguingly called) including windows, arrow slits and stone battlements (2 sheets). The package is completed by a box which has two pictures illustrating the components in use, and carries brief instructions on preparing the set for play.

The draughtsmanship and printing are good and the price is reasonable. Only one question remains to be answered. Is this product of any practical use? If you are one of the pencil and paper brigade then these floor plans (or any others, for that matter) are a waste of money. However my unscientific survey of role-players suggests that most people who play regularly sooner or later decide to use model figures to represent characters. For these people some sort of floor plans are virtually a necessity. This set is intended to give players the ability to set out villages, parts of towns, quays, forts and the like. Consequently it is not going to be much use to those who never emerge from their beloved dungeons.

So, having decided that you do indeed want to represent outdor features, how well does this set perform? I think the answer must be: very well, with an important proviso. Do not expect to be able to lay out accurate roof tops as the players run over them or pass them by in the street. While it is possible to employ this convenient method with dungeon passages and rooms, the proper use of the roof tiles, particularly the various junctions, is much too complicated for *ad hoc* use. If they are to be used as intended, they will need to be assembled in advance either as single houses, in streets or even as a whole village. Putting them together as play progresses is too time-consuming. For anyone using a village as a base for a campaign it would be well worth *Blu Tak*-ing together a permanent representation of the place. The two sheets of boats are going to be very popular. They need no more preparation than cutting out, and will look much better than the empty match boxes or bits of paper I have often seen serving as vessels in the past. It is a pity that the sheets are identical; a little more variety would have been preferable.

A failing which this set has in common with the other two in the series is the relative sparseness of advice on how best to use the thing. Games Workshop could learn something here from the rival products of Endless Games. However, this is a good accessory which, if used with more preparation and forethought than the standard floor plans, will enhance the visual appeal of many outdoor adventures.

Doug Cowie

***Dungeon Floor Plans 3** (£2.95) are produced by Games Workshop, 27/29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP.*

These games are available from hobby shops.

Complimentary Tickets

Top marks to organisers Chrissie Chrzan and Chris Chivers for making **Triple C** con in Birmingham over August Bank Holiday one of the most relaxed Trek cons ever. The con featured guests Thom Christopher (shown above), Mat Irvine, and the legendary Bjo Trimble making her first visit to Britain.

Wendy Graham

Mythcon

Despite its fantasy theme, the **Mythcon** weekend was not totally removed from reality; what emerged from many of the talks was the importance of the 'real world' in relation to what we perceive as credible *un*reality.

A fascinating and amusing talk by Dr Jack Cohen of Birmingham University examined the probable biological precedents to the attitudes which construct our definitions of the horrific and comic, with particular reference to science fiction. Briefly, it seems it can all be tied to evolution and the survival of the species....

Joy Chant, author of a series of books based in an invented world, Vandarei, talked about fantasy fiction in the context of great world literature; but the intriguing part was the subsequent discussion of Joy's own work, which stressed the importance of making a fantasy world complete and internally logical.

This should ring bells with anyone who has been following the rules vs realism debate in the FRP 'zines, and not surprisingly, for myth and fantasy represent the cornerstones of adventure gaming. What it comes down to, I suppose, is our basic egocentricity — we prefer whatever relates to our own experiences and needs. Or it might be the constant search for patterns or 'laws' which characterizes human life, due to the need to be able to predict and try to control events in order to survive.

Other guests at the convention included Ken Bulmer, aka Alan Burt Akers; Mat Irvine, Visual Effects Designer for the BBC; and Bryan Talbot, creator of the visionary Luther Arkwright cartoon strip and also, incidentally, winner of the Mythcon D&D tournament. It wasn't *all* serious.... Apart from talks, there were films, quizzes and competitions — this magazine hopes to print the winning entries to the short story competition in a future issue. There was also a very acceptable degree of socialising. Never imagine that a convention needs to be big to be successful: with only 110 attending, the atmosphere at Mythcon was congenial, relaxed and highly enjoyable.

Kim Daniel

Venture Into Science Fiction

You may have heard of this promotion by now, but, for those that haven't, it is a campaign designed by the Book Marketing Council to promote science fiction as a literary genre to a wider public. It has received some unenthusiastic reviews, firstly for its concentration of American authors, and also for the inclusion of works which, surely, need no promotion, such as **War of the Worlds** or **1984**. Like many 'lists', this one suffers more from the names that weren't included, than those that were.

On October 17th, I attended the promotion's launch, at the Publishers Association offices in Bedford Square, London. The wine flowed, the conversation was witty; this is the sort of affair that members of the public do not get to see, yet it is very informative. Listening to a member of the BMC defend the list from the accusation that it was unfair to promote best-selling authors while there were others with a greater need, was made all the more poignant when Dave Langford, surely due for wider recognition, was nearby.

If the relationship between science-fiction/fantasy and gaming has seemed a little one way until now, with a succession of authors allowing their creations to be reduced to tables and rules, this does not imply that the writers are no more aware of the gaming fraternity than they are of any other lucrative spin-off market. Did you know Michael Moorcock was an occasional gamer? More importantly, did you know that he *bought* IMAGINE magazine? Did you know that Gene Wolfe was a Gary Gygax lookalike? Would you like to see these famous authors in your favourite gaming magazine? Well, maybe you will....

Paul Cockburn

Personal Computer World Show

I fully expected this year's PCW Show (29 September — 2 October) to be overrun by mice. Not the furry rodent types that eat cheese, but the new, hi-tech method of 'interfacing with your personal computer'. The mice were there, but not in the numbers I expected. Keyboards, it appears, will survive another year.

A mouse, by the way, is a small device which sits on the tabletop, connected to the computer by a long cable — the 'tail'. Underneath is a large free-rolling ball connected to measuring devices, and on top are one, two or three buttons. Move the mouse across the table and the software measures how far it has moved, and shifts the cursor across the screen to match. Hit the button(s) and something — it depends on the software — happens. On the ACT stand, displaying the **Apricot**, what happened was that the program terminated itself and the demonstrator rushed off in a panic to find out how to re-boot the machine. Mice are powerful things.

ACT claim that the Apricot represents the 'fourth generation' of personal computers. It is aimed at business users, but I expect that many of its features will be copied for 'home' machines before too long. It is a portable 16-bit computer with 256K memory as standard, MS-DOS and CP/M-86 operating systems and 3.5 inch Sony microfloppies. It also has a small LCD on the keyboard which tells the user what the definable keys are doing. And a mouse.

A great deal of the PCW show is aimed at business men, attracting them with pretty technology and prettier girls.

However, home micros fared well. Fighting past the seemingly endless displays of programs that allowed you to shoot/kill/crush and or maim the invading alien hordes eventually led to Elan Computers, and their new machine — **The Enterprise**. This is a Z80A based machine with 64 or 128K as standard. This memory capacity is expandable up to a staggering 3968K. The machine also has an integral joystick, word processor and stereo output — screams of dying aliens in Dolby stereo are obviously the coming thing.

Commodore had a small grey portable box on their stand, which proved to be a brand new **SX64**. Essentially the same machine as a **Commodore 64**, this portable version contained all the bits of a system — computer, colour monitor, and disk drive in one briefcase-sized package.

Sinclair Research were showing the **ZX Interface 2**, which plugs into the Spectrum or the Microdrive interface. This new interface allows you to use plug-in ROM cartridges and two joysticks — any joysticks as long as they have the standard 9-way D plug. This is just as well, because the Sinclair joysticks were not the best I've ever used.

At the end of the day I had 10 plastic carrier bags (all different), assorted badges and stickers, enough sales literature to build a copy of the Hindenburg, and spots before my eyes. Playing with high(priced) technology is very enjoyable, but why are the aliens always puce and yellow?

Mike Brunton

Special Film Review

In a special festive film review, Colin Greenland takes a look at a few of the films and videos that are likely to be available for your entertainment this Christmas.

Christmas always sees a re-release from Walt Disney Productions, and this year it is **The Jungle Book** (U), the last film the old boy worked on himself and I reckon the last good animated feature in his traditional mode — not least because of some rather jolly jazz which, legend has it, Walt himself resisted, and was added after his death.

With **The Jungle Book** is **Mickey's Christmas Carol** (U) — the first new Mickey Mouse cartoon for thirty years, believe it or not. Bah, humbug, I hear you cry, but it is surprising how entertaining this is, perhaps because it is actually a Scrooge McDuck movie (of course), with the effete rodent very much in a minor role as Bob Cratchitt. The animation is much crisper than **The Jungle Book**, with thoughtful little effects that make all the difference: Scrooge makes squelchy footprints in the snow, for instance, whereas Mowgli and his chums are all too obviously stuck on the scenery and never seem to touch the ground.

Humbug of a different quality, Finest Olde English Humbug, in **Bullshot** (HandMade, PG). When the vampish Lenya and the dastardly Count Otto von Bruno kidnap the eminent Professor Fenton, Scotland Yard has only one man to send for — Captain Hugh 'Bullshot' Crummond! England is in peril, and so is the Professor's lovely daughter Rosemary, who has half of her father's top secret formula hidden in her locket. Bullshot, who last saw off von Bruno at fifty thousand feet, knows his old enemy will stop at nothing to get it. Pausing only to win single-handed at Henley (the rest of his eight having gone down with flu), Bullshot squares his remarkable jaw and gets on the case. Then it is pell-mell, hammer and tongs, hell for leather all the way through a plot that gets more deliciously ludicrous by the second. Superb (over-)acting in spiffing costumes on scrummy sets, not a few guffaws, and comic cameos from Billy Connolly, Mel Smith, John Wells and 'Legs' Larry Smith. Lagondas hurtle through leafy English lanes while suspicious looking foreigners move into the manor and Bullshot, knee-deep in deadly scone mix, battles with a giant octopus in a cellar slowly filling with water. Thank goodness he knows how to speak Killer Whale....

Colin Greenland

Colin will be back as normal in issue 10 with a glance at some of the FRP-related film and video releases of the new year.

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If you enjoy fantasy role-playing games but only have time for a quick adventure, then TALISMAN is the game for you. It is a unique game which bridges the gap between board games and role-playing brought to you by Games Workshop.

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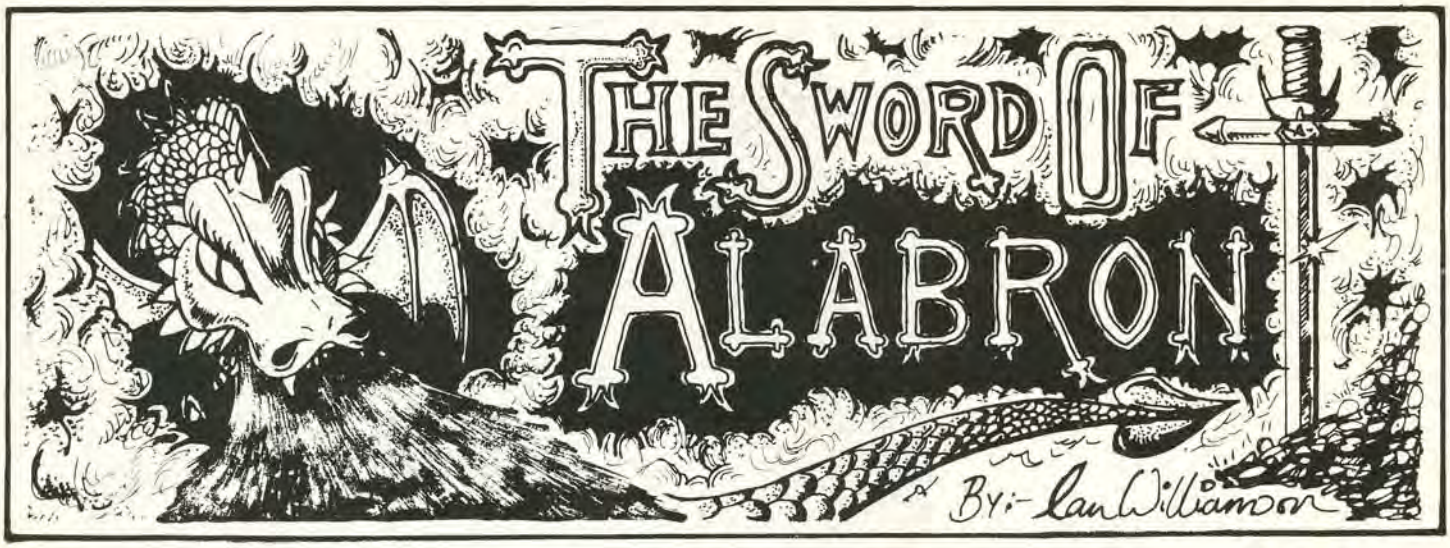
THE SWORD OF ALABRON
BY:- Ian Williamson

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT, THE HANDLE TURNS ABRUPTLY!
OUR PARTY HAVE ABOUT ENOUGH TIME TO CRINGE!
THEY DECIDE TO "CRINGE" IN A NEARBY NICHÉ
"IF ONLY WE HAD AUCHTER" THEY LAMENT "WE COULD HAVE PUSHED HIM IN AND RUN INSTEAD"
AND...
THAT DOES IT! EVERY TIME I'M TRYING TO "RELAX." THOSE GOBLINS START!
KK
CREEA
S-S-SORRY M-M-MASTER, B-B-BUT TH-THEY NEVER L-L-L-LISTEN T-TO ME.

(phew) THAT WAS LUCKY. TROLLS ARE ONLY SURPRISED ONE IN SIX!
ITS HARDLY SURPRISING, HOW LONG YOU TAKE TO SAY ONE DAMN WORD!
HOGT WAS HERE.
TROLLS!? YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THE "MONSTER MANUAL" AGAIN
..HAVENT YOU... YOU LITTLE CHEAT.
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, AN HONEST THIEF?
THIS SEEMS LIKE THE LIVING QUARTERS, NOTHING MUCH...ONLY TABLES, CHAIRS, LARGE HEAVILY PADLOCKED IRON-BOUND CHESTS...
..PROBABLY CONTAI--NING MATERIAL WEALTH OF NO CONCERN OF OURS.
COME WE HAVE NO BUSINESS HERE.
HA! NICE ONE REG,..LIKE IT, LIKE IT... GOOD JOKE!

"GOOD WE'LL JUST SEARCH THE PLACE"
DO NOT JEST WITH ME THIEF..! I WILL HAVE NO PART IN STEALING!
W..WHY NOT STAND OUTSIDE AND G..GUARD THE DOOR.... ....THEN?!
ER....YEAH O.K!
CRASH
"VERY CAREFULLY.."
I SAY NIGHTSWIFT DARLING. MY NEW DIAMOND EAR-RINGS ARE SIMPLY Adorable...
AND
KRELLS KOBOLDS!
SLAM
NIGHTSWIFT!
IT'S A WA....
(what)??
SOMEONE IS COMING..
UNK
WHAT?

"WHATEVER HAPPENS DONT...
PANIC™
JUST ACT NORMAL..
CHATTER
SH-SHAKE!
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
NO! NO MASTER, HE WAS HERE I PROMISE... PLEASE DONT PULL MY HEAD OFF...
...LIKE YOU DID TO BASIL!
OKEY, HOO D'YA S'PORT THEN?!
"AUCHTER!"
"ACH NO' YOO TOO AGIN!!
NEXT A HAPPY REUNION
RANGERS OR CELTIC?
K-K-KRELLS "PERCENTILE DICE"
BY THE "HELL FURNACES" THAT SOUNDED JUST LIKE...

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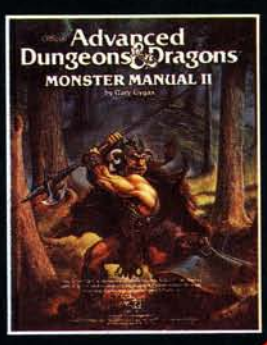

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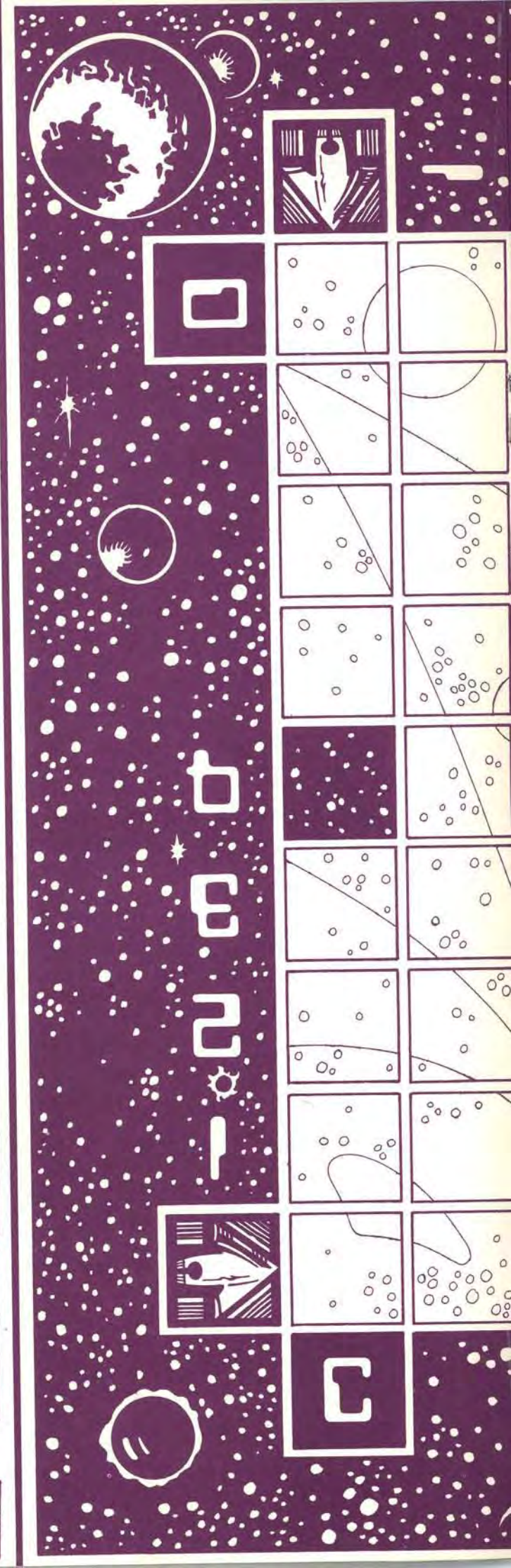

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